WOMANS WIT:

OR,

The Lady in Fashion.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

BY

His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by *C. CIBBER.*

——— *Careat successibus opto;*
Quisquis ab Eventu, Facta notanda putat. Ovid.

LONDON, Printed for *John Sturton*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleetstreet*, 1697.

PLAYS Lately Publish'd,

Timoleon, or the *Revolution*, a Tragi-Comedy. The *Roman Bride*, a Tragedy. The *Old Batchelor*, a Comedy, by Mr. *Congreve*. *Love's a Jest*, by Mr. *Motteux*. Printed for *J. Sturton*.

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUN 4 1900
LIBRARY.

Percival

THE PREFACE.

THIS Play not having anſwer'd the Ends of my Writing it, the Reader I preſume may reaſonably expect that (according to Cuſtom) I ſhou'd endeavour to demonſtrate that they who diſlik'd it are either Fools, or Poets: Now my ſole dependance being the Judgment of an Audience, 'twere madneſs in me to provoke 'em. And I may with more ſafety, and leſs trouble, perſwade 'em into a good opinion of their ſenſe, than my own. 'Tis dangerous to Quarrel with a whole Town, as 'tis difficult to pleaſe 'em; there is no Appealing to Apollo's Court, after an Illegal Sentence from them, their Will is Law, and 'tis but reaſonable it ſhou'd be ſo, ſince they pay for their Power.

I am willing to ſtand to my Prayer in my Prologue, and to acknowledge it has had a Favourable Fate: I intended (but I had ſome conſiderable Hinderances, which the Reader ſhall know preſently) to have made the Town ſome amends in this Play for their Extraordinary Favours to my Firſt: For I am ſo far from that vanity of thinking my ſelf Conſiderable enough to have receiv'd any Prejudice from my Enemies, that I am ready to acknowledge 'twas want of Merit in the Play, not underſtanding in its Audience, that made it meet with no Kinder Reception. All I propoſe is to lay down ſome Excuſes why it is not more deſerving. But tho' I am ready to confeſs its defects, yet I wou'd willingly be thought able to mend them.

My first Hindrance was my want of time; for rather than lose a Winter (the Profits of my other being so considerable) I forc'd my self to invent a Fable: Now my first was Spontaneous, and consequently more easie: The one was the Kindly Product of my Fancy, this of my Judgment: (I mean of that little judgment I have) That was a Cherry gather'd in July; *this was meerly ripned by Artifice in* April, *'twill hardly admit of a Dispute, which must of consequence have the more Natural and Pleasing Taste.*

Another Hindrance was my too nice observation of Regularity (which tho' I pretend not exactly to have follow'd, yet perhaps I am something nearer than most of our late Comedies) the Scene never breaking in any Act but the Third, and then not to an unreasonable distance, nor without a necessitous Occasion: The time I think is obviously comprehended in five Hours. But this Confinement is a great Hinderance to Variety of Incidents, which provided they are natural after they are brought in, I think may very reasonably divert us, without observing that strictness. And tho' I am ready to grant that a good Play is much the better for being Regular, yet on the other side, it must be allow'd a Double Art and Labour to make it both Regular and Diverting, and of the two, truly I don't see but men of the greatest sense had rather have their Fancies pleas'd, than their judgment; and I can't help Wishing, tho' too late, that I had given a looser Rein to the former.

Another inconvenience was, that during the time of my Writing the two first Acts, I was entertain'd in the New Theatre, and of course prepar'd my Characters to the taste of those Actors, and they having the two most Experienc'd, I might there (without discouraging the People of this House) have expected a more Masterly Performance. In the middle of my Writing the Third Act, not liking my Station there, I return'd again

to

to the Theatre Royal, and was then forc'd, as far as I cou'd with nature, to confine the Buſineſs of my Perſons to the Capacity of different people, and not to miſs the Advantage of Mr. Doggett's *Excellent Action; I prepar'd a low Character, which (tho' I dare not recommend it to the Reader) I knew from him cou'd not fail of Diverting; I have ſeen him Play with more ſucceſs I own, but ne're ſaw any Man wear a truer face of Nature; and indeed the two laſt Acts were much better perform'd than I cou'd have propos'd in that other Houſe; the difference is only this, had it been there I had propos'd ſome Scenes more of a Piece with the former Acts: But however, the performance of the whole was better than my Expectation from ſo thin, and I may add ſo uncertain a Company: For we are no more ſure of the Honeſt Endeavours of ſome that are Honeſtly paid, than they are of Bread when they leave us: I was forc'd to Write to the Mouths of thoſe I knew wou'd ſpeak as well as they cou'd, and not think themſelves above Inſtruction: Every one did their beſt, and I thank 'em: But however a Fort is in a very poor condition, that (in a time of General War) has but an handful of Raw young Fellows to maintain it.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

MOST Authors, when their barren Labours fail,
Still let their ſecret Vanity prevail;
And when they're damn'd by you, turn Wits, and rail.
'Tis not, ſay they, our writing well or ill,
But as the Town's i'th' mood, of damning ſtill;
Senſe, Humour, Wit, and Plot, tho' ne'er ſo nice,
All take the Tincture from their vain Caprice:
Their weak Digeſtion, and their Sickly Taſt,
Nauſeates this Hour, what feaſted 'em the laſt.
Our generous Soul now's of another Mind,
He thinks you are to Mercy well inclin'd;
Show you a Beauty, and you'll ſoon be kind.
Nor do you care from whence the Charmer ſprings,
Let her ſoft Voice but pleaſe you while ſhe ſings.
By bleſt Experience this our Author knows,
Tho' from the Stage his humble Muſe aroſe.
Your Approbation was ſo kindly ſhown,
It ſwell'd ſo high,---you ſwore 'twas not his own.
But tho' it were, you ſtill thought fit to ſpare
The Tree, for what it might hereafter bear;
Nor damn'd the Poet for the worthleſs Player.
This Thonght confirms him, if he fails you now,
He muſt his Fate to want of Merit owe,
And thinks the greateſt Merit is in pleaſing you.
You'll pay him well, if you approve the Feaſt,
And you are ſure beſt Judges of your Taſt;
If he can pleaſe---
You'll hardly ſtarve him by a ſpiteful Faſt.
He hopes the beſt, but does your Judgments truſt,
Or ſave, or damn his Play, he'll think you Juſt.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs *CROSS*.

YOUR Servant Gentlemen, I am come to try
What I can do to ſave this Comedy:
'Twere hard ſhou'd a refuſal be my hap,
When all I ask, is but a harmleſs clap.
A ſingle Critick I'd not fear to mawle,
A Look wou'd ſoon make one his doom recall;
But what am I (poor thing) among you all?
Well! I'm engag'd i'th' Cauſe, and muſt go through it;
You are but Men, and therefore I'll purſue it.
I've heard there are ſome Ladies of the Stage,
That cock their Eyes, and dare a Criticks Rage:
Now I wou'd fain by gentle ſoftneſs move you;
Ah! Jeſu!—How a clap wou'd make me love you.
Beaux *will be kind, I ſee it in their Features,*
They are of ſuch tender, melting Natures;
Look now! Were ever ſeen ſuch lovely Creatures?
Heaven's! How their Smiles become 'em! O! ſuch Graces!
I'll ſwear a Frown wou'd ſpoil their pretty Faces.
Dear Sirs be kind, and let this Play but paſs,
We'll ſtop at nothing to deſerve the Grace,
We'll hang our Stage all round with Looking-Glaſs.

The

The Perſons.

	MEN.
LORD *Lovemore*, in Love with *Leonora*.	Mr. *Harland*.
Longville, in Love with *Olivia*.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Major Rakiſh, An old Rake-hell.	Mr. *Penkethman*.
Jack Rakiſh, His Son, and Companion.	Mr. *Powel*.
Maſs Johnny, L. *Manloves* Son, a Diſobedient School-boy.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Father *Benedic*, His Governour. A Prieſt.	Mr. *Smeaton*.
Laguerre, Valet to *Longville*.	

	WOMEN.
Lady *Manlove*, A Deſigning old Lady.	Mrs. *Powel*.
Leonora, Her Daughter, a Coquet.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Emilia, *Longville's* Siſter, ſecretly in love with L. *Lov*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Olivia, Her Friend engag'd to *Longville*.	Mrs. *Cibber*.
Triffle, Woman to *Leonora*.	
Lettice, Woman to Lady *Manlove*.	Mrs. *Kent*.

Servants and Waiters.

The Scene St. *James's*, and the Time of Action, Five Hours.

Womans

Womans Wit:

OR, THE

Lady in Fashion.

ACT I. SCENE, *An Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Longville, *in his Night-Gown, his* Valet *waiting.*

Lon. LAguerre!

La. Sir!

Lon. Is my Sister stirring?

La. I saw her in the Garden above an hour ago, Sir, I Believe she is now in her Closet.

Lon. Leave word with her Woman I am alone, and when she comes out, desire to speak with her. (*Exit* Laguerre.) I have observed of late, she has lost her Gaity, is much alone, and last Night, when I informed her of my Lord *Lovemore*'s Constancy to the Ungrateful *Leonora*, she exrpess'd a soft Concern, that seem'd to flow from somewhat more than common Pitty. 'Twould trouble me to know she lov'd a Man, who every moment begs that Pitty from another, she wants from him; a Man whose Virtues are his Ruine, who never doing ill himself, thinks it the highest Crime to doubt the Conduct of his Mistress. I have often strove to wake him from his *Lethargy*, and am still resolv'd while there is hopes, never to give him o're, About this time I expect to hear from him --- Who's there?

Re-enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my Lady will wait on You.

Lon. 'Tis well! has no one been to speak with me this Morning?

La. Only Mr. *Pertwitt*, Sir, the *Author* of the last new *Play*, he has left his *Dedication*, and says, he will Dine with you.

Lon. The Devil's in that Fellow, I find it's as Dangerous to say a Civil thing to a *Dull Poet*, as to an old Lady: For they are equally sure to libel your Judgment, by telling the World, you like both their Face and Fancy: When he comes give him Ten Guineas, and let me hear no more of him.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here is a Letter for you.

Lon. Who brought it?

Foot. A Servant from Madam *Olivia.*

Lon. Bid him stay. [*Exit* Footman.

(*Reads*)

" *I ſhall be in Town about Three a Clock, (if my Lady* Manlove *can ſpare you) you will know where to find*

Olivia.

Kenſington, Wedneſday Morning.

If my Lady *Manlove* can ſpare me! ſo, if ſhe grudges another my Company, 'tis a ſign that ſhe has a mind to it: I'le appoint her a Meeting, and laugh at her groundleſs Jealouſy: Nay, I know ſhe wont ſpare her ſelf, when ſhe reflects how fair a Declaration ſhe has made me. [*Exit*,

Enter Emilia, (*ſola*)

Emi. Neither Devotion, Honour, Reaſon, Patience, or Complaint, can ſtop the *Feaver* of my diſtempered Thoughts: Diſpair, and Love, like double Poyſons, ſwell my Soul, yet with alternate heat and cold refuſe to kill, and ſpightfully ſupport a wretched Being! --- Was ever Maid thus cruelly Perſu'd by an unhappy Paſſion! To ſee the Man ador'd ſtill Proſtrate at my Rival's Feet, while her diſſemb'led Coyneſs but inflames him more! -- They talk of Men's Diſpair! their Racks, and Tortures! thoſe are Pleaſures, to the Torments of a Womans ſecret Love! for they have ſtill the priviledge of Speech, of ſoft Complaints, and dying Murmurs: But we, (hard Fate!) are ev'n Condemned by Natures Laws, to an eternal Secrecy. For Love can never break the Priſon of a Virgins Breaſt, while Modeſty and rigid Honour are its Jaylors. O *Lovemore*! Why wert thou Born to wrong thy ſelf, and ruine me?

Enter Longville.

Lon. Siſter, good morrow! I have a Preſent for you, (*gives her a Writing*) —*Laguerre*. give this Letter to the Servant below. [*Exit* Laguerre

Emi. What's here? Pray Brother, double the Favour, and without giving me the trouble of a tedious Peruſal, let me know the Contents of it.

Lon. 'Tis your Portion, Siſter.

Emi. My Portion?

Lon. 'Tis true, my Father left you to my care, and by his Will, gave you *Ten* Thouſand Pound, Provided, my Conſent were not wanting to your Marriage: Now, I know, there muſt be an uneaſineſs, where there is the leaſt confinement: Therefore to free you from all doubt, and that your fear of my conſent may no way check your Inclinations, I here reſign my intereſt in your Fortune; when you can find a Man, whoſe Merit challenges your Eſteem, or whoſe faithful Paſſion claims your Pitty, be laviſh in your Gratitude, and Crown his wiſhes with your Bed and Fortune.

Emi. In every thing, you ſhow your ſelf the beſt and kindeſt Brother ſtill: But yet, I hope, 'twill not diſpleaſe you, if I return your Preſent: Marriage is a dangerous Journey; Love's a blind Guide, and thoſe that follow him, too often looſe their way. No! when I Love, it ſhall be with ſecurity, your Opinion ſhall firſt Encourage and Protect me.

Lon But Love *Emilia*, is a Tyrant Abſolute, and never waits for ſawcy Council: The time may come, when you will wiſh your Fortune at your own diſpoſal! D'ee believe it impoſſible you ſhu'd ever Love?

Emi. Ha! I am betray'd! his Words, his Looks have quite diſarmed me! (*aſide.*) Why Brother do you ask ſo ſtrange a Queſtion, that I ſhu'd ever Love!

You

You know I am a Woman, not cruel in my Nature, and have a Heart, which when you adviſe me to diſpoſe, I ſhall not rather dye than part with it.

Lon. And are you ſure, you have not ? Did you never Love, *Emilia* ?

Emi. That word has ruined me ! Oh never let me ſee the Day again ! *(aſide.)*

Lon. Ha ! ſhe is diſorder'd ! Then my fears are true : *(aſide.)* Why are you ſurpris'd ? I charge you with no Guilt, *Emilia.*

Emi. O ! I beg you ask no more. *(turns away)*

Lon. Ha ! No more ! nay, then I muſt have all ! Dear *Emilia*, think me not a Faithleſs Guardian, that wou'd take a baſe advantage of thy Love : Look on me as I am thy careful Brother, that thinks his Life no longer uſeful, than in ſerving thee : Nay, ev'n in thy Love I'll ſerve thee, and hope 'tis in my power too : Come, lay aſide thy Fears, and reaſon calmly with me.

Emi. Reaſon with you ! Why do you wiſh me plung'd in Deeper Miſery ? For Reaſon ever ſets a wild Diſpair before me.

Lon. Do not indulge theſe Melancholy Thoughts ; name me the Man, that thus diſturbs thee ?

Emi. Then indeed, you will pitty me ! — I owe my weakneſs to your nearеſt Friend.

Lon. I think, my Lord *Lovemore* is my neareſt !

Emi. Indeed, he beſt deſerves that Happineſs.

Lon. But ſuch a Friend will never make my Siſter wretched

Emi. Alas ! His Love, which ſure out-weighs his Friendſhip, aims every hour to make another happy.

Lon. His Love, *Emilia*, is grounded on your Rival's Virtue, and judge your ſelf, how weak is that Foundation.

Emi. I grant ſhe is inconſtant, looſe, and dangerous, as the Sand ; yet, his Eye, the falſe Optick of his Love, preſents her as a fixt unſhaken Rock whereon he vows to build his Happineſs.

Lon. But I ſhall ſhortly turn the Friendly end o'th' Tube, and draw her failings nearer to his view : Of which this very day, I have engag'd to give him a clear convincing Proſpect.

Emi. Which way, I beg you let me know ; for 'twere a ſecond Happineſs not to ſee him wretched.

Lon. Thus it is — In a Diſpute yeſterday with my Lord, concerning *Leonora*, I urg'd his weakneſs home, and laid her falſhood clear before him. At length, my Friendly Arguments brought him to this Concluſion. About an hour hence by his free Conſent, I am to viſit her, and have leave to feign my ſelf her Lover, and urge my Paſſion with all the ſeeming tenderneſs that Friendſhip can inſpire, and if my Art can drag from her, the leaſt acknowledgement of Love for me : Or but an ungenerous Contempt of his unwearied Conſtancy, he vows, his deep Reſentment ſhou'd for ever tear her from his Heart.

Emi. It has a Face, indeed ; but how will my Lord be witneſs of her Falſhood.

Lon. I have already Brib'd her Servant, who is to place him where, unſeen, he ſhall both hear, and ſee it all.

Emi. There's Danger in the Attempt : Be wary Brother, for ſhou'd her artful Eyes enſnare you too, then I were doubly wretched.

Lon. Nouriſh no ſuch Fear, *Emilia*, I have a treble Guard upon my Heart, the baſeneſs of her Soul, my own Honour, and a Siſters Peace.

Enter Laguerre.

Lag. Sir, my Lord *Lovemore*!

Emi. Farewel! I'll ſtudy to deſerve your Care: I dare not ſtay; excuſe me, leſt my Guilt betray me.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Brother, your Servant, I'll leave you to your Buſineſs.

L. *Lov.* We have none of that Conſequence, Madam, to be preferr'd to your Company.

Emi. My Lord! I beg you will excuſe me: I am in haſte, 'tis Chappel time.

L. *Lov.* 'Twere a Sacriledge unpardonable, Madam, to hinder your Devotion, a Univerſal Bleſſing to the World.

Emi. My Lord, your Servant. (*Exit* Emilia.

L. *Lov.* Your Siſter, *Charles*, is a very agreeable Woman; why don't you look out a Match for her, you are her Guardian.

Lon. I have her Fortune to diſpoſe of, my Lord: But not her Inclination, when ſhe has choſen, I am ready to pay down the Mony.

L. *Lov.* Her Mony may raiſe many a falſe pretended Paſſion, and young Women ſeldom want a little hardned Vanity to ſtamp it into Currant Love.

Lon. I hope, my Lord, in a little time to give you a very fair Proof of her Judgment.

L. *Lov.* Prithee, let me underſtand you.

Lon. 'Tis yet an Infant ſecret, in a Day or two it may ſpeak plainer; in the mean time, my Lord, how ſtands your Reſolution towards my Deſign upon *Leonora*?

L. *Lov.* Faith, *Charles*, I have yet ſome ſcruples, but as they riſe, my Confidence in thy Friendſhip ſtill removes 'em: What time do you propoſe to viſit her? (*Looking on his Watch*)

Lon. Now this Morning.

L. *Lov.* You will be too late 'tis within half an hour of Twelve.

Lon. Time enough! We ſhall find her at her *Toilet* till two, I'll warrant you.

L. *Lov.* That's ſcarce time enough to ſet your Peruke: For I ſuppoſe you deſign to Comb her into Compliance. A Firſt Rate *Beaux* at leaſt? Do you conſider how much time is requir'd in the making ſuch an Animal?

Lon. Half an hour does it as well as half a ſcore, Man.

L. *Lov.* You wou'd be of another Opinion, if you were at my Lord *Tiffle-Tops Levee*.

Lon. No, no! 'Tis not that his Lordſhip has occaſion to employ half the the Morning at his Glaſs: But the ſoft Rogue can't part with his own Dear Image under ſix hours Admiration: For a powder'd Wig is as ſoon put on, as an Uncomb'd one: 'Tis not a fine Coat, but Affectation that makes a Fop: and that you know is a kind of Surtout, a Man may ſlip it over his Cloaths.

L. *Lov.* Then you think a little Affectation will certainly Recommend you.

Lon. Take the Boxes round upon the full third Day of a Favour'd *Poet*, you'll ſcarce find three Beauties will allow you a *Gentleman* without it: I ne-

ver

ver knew your fine ſet up Woman of Quality, that did not ſpend three parts of her Life in ſtudying the Art of *Je-ne-ſcais-Quoyity* !

Ld. Lov. Well, I yet hope you are miſtaken in *Leonora*: What you call Affectation, to me has always been the Height of Breeding, a Modeſt Freedom, an Agreeable Gayity, and an Invincible Coldneſs.

Lon. I am ſorry my Lord your Diſeaſe is ſo deſperate, that nothing but the Expoſing her can Cure you: For I own 'tis much againſt my Nature to Triumph o're a Womans Weakneſs: But if Women are Weak, who ſhall Truſt 'em? And if I ſee my Friend in Danger, ſhall not I ſhow the Snare prepar'd for him?

Ld. Lov. 'Twas thus I had Excus'd you to my ſelf before: But do you believe her falſe through Weakneſs, or Deſign?

Lon. O ſhe wants no Wit, my Lord.

Ld. Lov. How then do you propoſe to win her by an affected Paſſion, when my Sincerity cannot move her?

Lon. Your Sincerity never will my Lord: She is light by Nature, hates a Man that Preaches Virtue by Example, and ſhows the bareneſs of her Principles by the firmneſs of his own; She loves a Wretch that Joyns with her in Vanity, your Gay Unthinking Spark, by the Compariſon of whoſe Nonſenſe ſhe admires her own Wit: Beſide, I have ſome Reaſon to believe ſhe likes me.

Ld. Lov. What Reaſon?

Lon. By her publickly declaring an Averſion to me.

Ld. Lov. She will not deny it to your Face I warrant you.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Manlove* is in a Chair below, and deſires to know if you have any Company with you?

Lon. Though I am loath to truſt my Perſon with her, I wou'd be civil to the Mother of your Miſtreſs, my Lord: Deſire her Ladyſhip to walk up, and tell her I am alone: It won't be amiſs firſt to expoſe the Mothers Character. (*aſide.*) This is the third Viſit I have had from her this week, my Lord.

Lord Lov. How came you ſo intimate?

Lon. One day unfortunately commending the fulneſs of her Eye, or ſo, ſhe cou'd not reſt till ſhe had taken me aſide to ask me, if my Deſigns were Honourable? And ever ſince ſhe is eternally labouring to convince me, that ſhe has no real Averſion to Matrimony.

Ld. *Lov.* You ſee what 'tis to be Complaiſant, *Charles.*

Lon. If you ſtep into that Cloſet my Lord, perhaps you may over-hear ſomething that will ſurprize you; however, your time won't be loſt, there lyes a *Milton* upon the Table.

Ld. *Lov.* You'll oblige me.

Lon. Here ſhe comes! away my Lord. [Ld *Lov.* goes into the Cloſet.]

Enter Lady Man-love.

Lon. Madam! Your moſt humble Servant, this is an unexpected Favour.

L *Ma.* Why a Favour Sir! D'ee think I'll ever grant a Favour to any Man. I'll ſwear we Women of Quality had need live lock'd up in a Cloſet, if we wou'd avoid Scandal. Can't one pay an harmeleſs Viſit, but you muſt immediately

diately conclude one deſigns you a Favour, I vow to God I came with a deſign to beg a Favour of you.

Lon. 'Tis a Favour Madam, that you will make uſe on me:

L. Ma. Uſe you? Really Sir, I don't underſtand you? What do you mean? — But come! — To let you ſee I dare relye upon my own Conduct,— Come Sir, I will venture to ſit down by you.

Lon. Oh! Madam, you honour me. [*They ſit.*

L. Man. Well! Mr. *Longville*, you little think what a ſecret Buſineſs I have to Communicate to you! I hope we are private! Pray let us be private, and I will lay it open to you.

Lon.— (to *Laguerre*) Wait without! — Now! Madam!

L. Man. You muſt know Sir, that I came to adviſe with you about!—about a— I'll ſwear Mr. *Longville*, you look mighty well to day!

Lon. — That might be ſaid more juſtly of your Ladyſhip, Madam!

L. Man. O Lord! I! Oh! Jeſu! I am all in a Flame! ſuch a Colour! Prithee do but feel my pulſe a little! — So if I can but get into Diſcourſe with him, I may ſave my Buſineſs for another Viſit to Morrow. (*aſide.*

Lon. They are very high indeed Madam; but you look the better for it.

L. Man. Is't poſſible! well! Mr. *Longville*, I am inclin'd in real Charity, to encourage all your Offers, if it were only to keep you from ill-Women; for I know there are ſome ſo ravenous of you, that they follow you to your Chamber in a Morning, and have the Confidence to force themſelves upon you; Now Dear ſweet Mr. *Longville*, don't encourage theſe confident Creatures: Let me beg it of you for your own ſake.—(*preſſing his hand.*

Lon. So! I find no Woman ſees an ugly Face in her own Glaſs. (*aſide.*

L. Ma. I'll ſwear I cou'd find in my Heart to viſit you every Morning, meerly to prevent thoſe wicked Creatures having their ends of you.

Lon. That were too great a trouble! No! Madam I have an admirable way to avoid 'em: Shall I ſhow you how I wou'd uſe ſuch a Woman? I ask your Pardon, Madam, but ſuppoſing you were ſuch a one!

L. Man. Oh! foh! I hate to act an odious Part: (*holding his hand.*

Lon. Why, you can't miſs it, Madam, you need but ſit as you do! — Now Madam, ſqueeze my hand a little.

L. Man. O! Jeſu! I cou'd not do it for the Univerſe! (*lets it go ſuddenly.*

Lon. Then I muſt ſuppoſe you had done it, Madam, upon which I flatly, tell her that—

L. Man. Piſh (*Riſes*) Lord! What care I what you tell her: If you will let me tell you my Buſineſs, ſay ſo!

Lon. (*Walking after her.*) I ſay, Madam, I tell her, that my Inclinations lye elſewhere; that ſhe flings away her time; that her Fondneſs is more diſagreeable than her Perſon; that I wonder at her Impudence in taking Civility for Love: That ſhe is ugly without Exception, Coy without Coldneſs, in Love without Hope, Nice without Offers, Wanton without Youth, Kind without Courtſhip, and Craving without Conſcience.

L. Man. Well! Well! have you done yet? —— Piſh!

Lon. That her keeping Company is Deſign, that her Deſigns are Man, that her Man is Every body; that Nobody is hers; that her Charms are quite exhauſted, and Time writes upon her Fore-head,—*Pray Remember the Poor!*

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Prithee! What a Humour's this?

Lon. That her Modesty is more painted than her Face, and both so much, that no Man can see e'ther of them.

L. *Ma.* Mr. *Longville*!

Lon. That her Company is worse then Sickness; and that I had as lieve be visited by the Small Pox.

L. *Man.* Pish! Will you never ha' done?

Lon. That in short she is so detestable, that ev'n the Pleasure of Revenge cou'd not raise me to give her a Clap. The Devil's in't if this won't undeceive her! (*aside.*

L. *Man.* I don't understand him! Sure, he can't mean all this to me! I find I must tell him my Business to put him out of this Humour! Prithee, Mr. *Longville* sit down a little, I want some of your Advice Man; Lord! you have quite tir'd your self!

Lon. Now, Madam, your Commands! (*they sit.*

L. *Man.* I suppose Sir you are not ignorant of my Lord *Lovemores* Passion for my Daughter: Now Sir he being your particular Friend, and I having a particular Inclination to serve any one that is your Friend, Mr. *Longville*, I have resolv'd to make my Daughter Marry my Lord out of Hand; and have contriv'd a way to make her sole Heiress of my Husbands Estate.

Lon. This is obliging, Madam; But how can it be while you have a Son living?

L. *Man.* Ah! don't call him my Son Mr. *Longville*, Education can't Polish him! he is of such a slovenly Nature, he is fit for nothing but a Clergyman: Now you must know all my Family being Catholicks, I have a Mind to make a Priest of him, and have accordingly provided him a Governour to go with him to St. *Omers*: Then Sir I being his Guardian, and having the Estate all in my own Hands ———

Lon. Will take care it shall never come to his. (*aside.*) But why a Priest, Madam?

L. *Man.* To prevent his Marrying Man, and then his Estate comes of Course to my Daughter, and so to my Lord, and his Heirs.— Beside, one is not sure of his getting safe to St. *Omers*!

Lon. Inhumane Devil! A Priest! Death! She is going to Ship him to *Barbadoes*! (*aside.*) Well Madam! Wherein can I be serviceable to you?

L. *Ma.* You! Why you can—you can— Lord! Can you do one no Kindness d'ye think? Let me see!

Lon. Not the Kindness you think on; Death! How she's puzzled for a Pretence for her Visit? (*aside.*

L. *Man.* Pish!— O Gad! I had like to have forgot! you must know my Business hither was to get you to—to—to a! O! to perswade the Boy to go.

Lon. So! Now she has found it. (*aside.*

L. *Man.* Now Dear Mr. *Longville*, (*pressing his Hand*) Let me beg of you to use all means possible to perswade him; for I know the Boy will do any thing at your bidding.

Lon. Well Madam, I'll use my Interest to serve you—in your kind. (*aside.*

L. *Man.* Will you give me your Word, and Honour?

Lon. Both, to have my hand agen. (*aside.*

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Nay! but you muſt give me your hand upon't!

Lon. Why you have it, you have it, Madam!

L. *Man.* Piſhah! but you don't give it me heartily!

Lon. Humh! She will have a ſqueeze, I find. (*aſide.*) There Madam, 'tis heartily.

Enter Laguerre.

Lag. Sir, Young Mr. *Rakiſh* deſires to ſpeak with you, immediately.

Lon. At laſt I am deliver'd. (*aſide.*)—Bid him walk up.

L. *Man.* O! Jeſu! Mr *Longville*! I wou'd not be ſeen for the Univerſe.

Lon. O! you need not, Madam, here's a back way.

L. *Man.* Well! but my Dear *Charles*, when ſhall I ſee you about this Buſineſs?

Lon. In a quarter of an hour, Madam, at your own Houſe: I have ſome private Buſineſs with your Daughter: When I have diſpatch'd it, I am at your Service. (*Preſſing her to go.*)

L. *Man.* Well! I have the prettieſt Cloſet to ſhow you Mr. *Longville*!—I'll ſwear I have no mind to leave you yet: Can't I ſtep in there, till he is gone, a little? (*offering towards the Cloſet*)

Lon. The Devil! (*aſide.*) Madam, upon my Honour, I will but Dreſs and wait upon you. Here he comes! away Madam!

L. *Man* Well! Adieu, my Dear, dear, dear Creature! *Ex. L. Man.*

Lon. Come my Lord now I'll releaſe you.

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Did you hear us?

Ld. *Lov.* Yes, and am amaz'd! Prithee! What does ſhe mean by St. *Omers*, and her Son, it can't be real?

Lon. Too ſure my Lord, I have heard of it before.

Ld. Lov. I am ſorry ſhe ſhou'd make me her Pretence for ſo baſe an Action! How ſhall we prevent it?

Lon. That I will undertake: But firſt I will let you ſee your Miſtreſs has a Hand in't. (*aſide.*) *Laguerre*! My Cloaths!

Enter Young Rakiſh.

Lon. How now Jack! What's the Matter?

Y. Ra. O! *Charles* I am undone, if you don't ſtand by me! my Father's juſt at my Heels——my Lord your humble Servant.

Ld. Lov. Poor Jack! What haſt thou done to him now Man!

Y. Ra. Done my Lord? Pox take him: only nothing but a piece of Juſtice; for the old Rogue had the Conſcience laſt Night to offer to Cheat me of Fifty Pound, tho' he knew 'twas all I had in the World, and in return, I very fairly nick'd him of Five Hundred upon the ſquare.

Ld. Lov. Prithee how was it?

Y. Ra. Why you muſt know, my Lord, he wou'd ha' put the Doctor upon me, and Communicated his Deſign to *Ned Friendly*, who immediately told me of it; upon which (unknown to him) I flung away the Doctor, and clapt into the Box a Pair of True Mathematicks: Fortune was on my ſide, and in leſs then two Hours I fairly nickt him of Five Hundred Pound.

Ld. *Lov.*

Ld. Lov. Well! and what wou'd the old Gentleman have?

Y. R. When the Buſineſs was over, *Ned* laught at him, and told him what I had done; upon which he whip'd out his Sword, and in a great Paſſion ſwore, if I did not refund the Money, he wou'd diſenherit me before to Morrow Morning.

Ld. Lov. What Anſwer did you make him?

Y. R. Why faith, e'vn took no notice of him: but very fairly ſlunk away to his Goldſmith, and to haſten his paying the Money, politickly told him, I had juſt killed a Man: Egad the inhumane Son of a Whore took hold of the Opportunity, and made me pay Fifteen *per Cent.* for Expedition.

Lon. The reſt you ſecur'd in *Specie*, I ſuppoſe!

Y. Ra. Ay! ay! here it is, all in Gold, my Boy! Prithee, Dear *Charles*, ſecure it for me; as for my Life, which I know he will purſue, I'll venture to defend that my ſelf.

Enter a Footman to young Rakiſh.

Foot. Sir, your Father's juſt coming up! one of the Servants ignorantly told him you were in the Houſe, and he immediately drew his Sword, and has ſearch'd every Room below for you.

Y. Ra. Ounds! the Money! the Money, *Charles*!

Lon There! into that Cloſet; and take the Key on the inſide, till we have appeas'd him. *Young Rakiſh goes into the Cloſet. Laguerre*, lock up this. *Gives him the Money.*

Enter Major Rakiſh *with his Sword drawn, he ſearches the Room.*

Maj. Where is this Rogue! This Villain! This ſharping Dog?

Lon. Why how now Major! What in a Paſſion Man?

Lon. & *Ld. Lov.* Ha! ha! ha! What's the matter Major? ha! ha! he!

Maj. No! no! nothing but Murder, nothing but Murder ſhall ſatisfie me.

L. Lov. What is it you look for Major?

Maj. Only a High-way-man, my Lord, was not he here with you juſt now?

L. Lov. A High-way-man with us Sir!

Maj. One that is in the Road to the High-way; do you know *Jack Rakiſh*, my Lord!

L. Lov. I knew him for a very honeſt fellow Sir.

Maj. — Why I got him— That very Dog did I get.

L. Lov. I don't queſtion that Sir.

Maj. But you wou'd Sir, if you knew how he has ſerv'd me—Nothing vexes me, but that I can't ſwear a Robbery againſt the Dog; for then a Man might have had ſome hopes of the forty Pound upon his Conviction.

L. Lov. Fye! Major, you ſhou'd give him a better Allowance, that his Neceſſity might not force him to ſuch Extremity!

Maj. Allowance! a Dog! has not Nature given him a ſtrong Back? let him live by that; let him turn *Beau*, and live upon tick; let him lye with his Laundreſs, get in with his Semſtreſs, help his Taylor to Cuſtom, Dine with me, Bilk his Lodging,—— and now and then ſharp a Play in the ſide Box.

L. Lov. This I know he is very often forc'd to do: But Faith, Major, it don't anſwer the Character of a Gentleman.

Maj. A Gentleman! Ounds! don't I ſee fifty there every day, that have no Income but their Wits, and yet have very good Cloaths upon their Backs!

L. Lov. And carry all they have upon their Backs! Come, come, you muſt allow better Man.

Maj. Allow him! What a Pox! Don't I allow to Drink, and Whore, and Fight, and Roar where he pleaſes, provided he keeps me Company—the Devil a ſtroke elſe—I co'd—I will have my ſhare, while I live old Boy—No! no! Old Jack muſt come in for a bit of Wickedneſs by the By, or ſo—muſt take Care of old Jack!—old Jack muſt be taken care of—Allow him Quotha'! What a Pox! muſt the ſilly Dog needs be a Buble? Can't he take the Pleaſure of Lewdneſs without the Folly of paying for't? Odſ bu'd I ſometimes break half a dozen Commandments in a day, and it ne'er coſts me a Farthing.

Ld. Lov. Say you ſo, Major? Faith I wou'd adviſe you to publiſh your Receipt, it may Reform moſt of our young Fellows about Town.

Maj. How do you mean Reform! ha! Old Politick of the World?

L. Lov. Why look ye! if we cou'd once leſſen the Charge of Lewdneſs, you long-liv'd niggardly Fathers wou'd certainly take it up; and Vice wou'd look ſo nauſeous in Sixty odd, that one, and twenty wou'd grow aſham'd on't.

Maj. But, Sir, my Son is not aſham'd o' his Vice, and I'd have you to know I am a— a very lew'd old Fellow! But I don't pay for't, I don't pay for't, like a raw Inns of Court *Bean*, that is juſt ſet up for Iniquity.

L. Lov. Prithee, Major, how do you Manage your Pleaſures, that you ſay they coſt you nothing?

Maj. I'll tell you, my Lord, I'll tell you how I ſpent the day before Yeſterday: I got up, and Din'd with Sir *Bartholomew Bumper*, Drank my two Bottles and half with him by five a Clock—Then call'd in at the Play (Impudence my Ticket) pick'd up a Parſon's Wife, gave her the Remains of an old Clap, and ſo pawn'd her at *Phillip*'s for three pints of Spirit of *Clary*:— After this I call'd in at the Roſe, found three or four young ſtrong Dogs damnable Hungry, ſent a Porter for a ſlice of Sir *Bartholomew*'s Brawn, drank my two Bottles more, call'd for a Bill, Brawn paid old Jacks Club, old Jack reels into a Coach, Bilks him, ſlips to Bed, wakes in five hours with a ſteddy Hand, and no aking Head, by the Lord *Harry*.

L. *Love.* Well ſaid, Major!

Maj. There's management for you! Why cou'd not my Dog-Rogue of a Son do this? He wants a thouſand Pound with a Pox to him! Odsbu'd I loſe time, I muſt ferret the Dog—— Hey! where abouts are you? Soho! Jayl bird! (*looks about.*

T. R. (*Peeping.*) Igad I had as good ſhow my ſelf, while I have a Friend or two to ſtand by me. (*He ſteals behind the Major, and walks ſoftly after him.*

Lon. & L. *Lov.* Ha! ha! ha!

Maj. Unconſcionable Rogue, a thouſand Pound at one Clap! (*aſide.*

Lon. Why you that ſpend no Money Major, methinks ſhou'd have no occaſion for it: But was it a full thouſand Pound, ſay you?

Maj. Umh! not a full thouſand Pound: Look ye I won't lye neither: But may I never more hear the Dear Glugg, Glugg of a full Flask, if it was not above eight hundred.

T. R. That's a Lye! (*Claps him on the back.*

Maj. O Dog! Villain! Rogue! Sirrah, How dare you look me in the Face? Draw! Draw! Raſcal! (*They hold him.*

Y. Ra. Yes Sir! (*Draws, and ſtands on his Guard.*

Maj. What you will Murder me in cool Blood! will you Dog!

Y. R. Yes Sir! I believe I ſhall: For I don't find my ſelf angry yet.

Maj. Why Sirrah! Newgate! am not I your Father, ha!

Y. R. Look you Sir! if you are my Father, I draw in Obedience to your Commands; if not, upon my Enemy——ſtand off.

Maj. Now have not I one word to ſay to him—This Impudence melts my very Soul—There's a Look! There's a Forehead! There's Braſs for you! The Rogue wou'd make an admirable Player in the old Houſe; Od b'ud! I have more mind to kiſshim, then to be angry by half—— Well! Sirrah! What have you to ſay for your ſelf?

Y. Ra. Nay, firſt old Gentleman! Lets hear what you have to ſay againſt me?

Maj. Have you not Bit me, my Dear Son?

Y. Ra. Have you not ſtarv'd me my Dear Dad?

Maj. Have not I lov'd you--you yound Dog?

Y. Ra. Have not I return'd it, old Hock!

Maj. Have you return'd it--- Sawce!

Y. Ra. Yes Sir! By this generous Confidence in your Love, in taking the freedom to win your Five Hundred Pound, well knowing that ſo Trivial Summ cou'd not hurt me in your Favour.

Maj. Umh! Here's a Rogue!---Well! and ſo! you think I will forgive you!

Y. Ra. Dam mee! Sir, who dares ſay to the contrary?

Maj. Ah! the Rogue has me now! That Look has quite diſſolv'd me; Odsb'ud I can no more reſiſt him, than a Patentee can a pretty Wench, when ſhe demands an unconſcionable Sallery in the Play-houſe. Well! I muſt forgive you then! humh!

Y. Ra. I knew you wou'd, or elſe I had ne'er nick'd you.

Maj. Why look you Sir, then ev'n ſet your Heart at reſt: For before theſe Gentlemen, I ſolemnly declare that——that—— I do forgive you, upon Condition.

Y. Ra. What Condition?

Maj. Uumh! That I have my Money agen!

Y. Ra. The Devil!

Lon. Come Gentlemen, you ſhall leave the Conditions to me; my Lord and I have juſt an hours Buſineſs together; I'll bring the Money with me to *Lockets*, between one and two; where we'll Dine, and ſet all to rights agen!

Maj. Say no more my little *Charles*, I'll go before, and beſpeak Dinner! But hark you, had not you as good let me take the Money along with me?

Y. Ra. I barr that old Gentleman! no! no! Poſſeſſion is eleven Points in the Law!

Maj. A rare Look that! — it's a good Look!— the Dog has a good Look!

Y. *Ra.* Come, Old *Jack!* let's you and I take a whet of Racy Canary before they come——My Lord, your Humble Servant; by *Charles.*

Maj. Hold! hold! my little Jacky, not too faſt——*Cede Majoribus.*
(*Full's Young* Rakiſh *back, and goes out before him.*)

L. *Lov.* A Pleaſant Couple theſe!

Lon. Ay, and only Pleaſant, when they are Coupled.

L. *Lov.* Right! they are like the two Parts of a Drunken Song, very indifferent Muſick, unleſs you hear 'em both together.

Lon. But now and then they may be endur'd the better to reliſh the Harmony of a Refin'd Converſation. Come, my Lord, now for *Leonora.*

L. *Lov.* You remember the Conditions, if you fail in your Attempt, you are never to ſpeak againſt her more.

Lon. Agreed: if I ſucceed, the conſequence will reward me.

L. *Lov.* You ſee *Charles* how fond I am of being ſtill your Friend, that I dare hazard all my Happineſs in *Leonora*, meerly to ſatisfie your Jealouſie, not my own.

Lon. You wou'd be Jealous too my Lord, were you leſs a Lover, and I more favourable; were I leſs your Friend: 'Tis my Care of you that makes me Jealous; and the Generoſity of your Love, that will not let you doubt your *Leonora.*

When Beauty gives the Lover warm deſire,
Love drives him blind and headlong to the Fire;
But Jealous Friendſhip does his Power Deſpiſe;
Awakes his Reaſon, and unſeals his Eyes. Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II. SCENE, *Lady* Manloves *Houſe.*

Leonora *at her* Toilet, *her* Woman *Dreſſing her.*

Leo. TRiffle!

Tri. Madam!

Leo. Let's ſee this Mornings Letters.

Tri. There are only theſe half Dozen Madam.

Leo. No more! Barbarity! This 'tis to go to *Hyde-Park* upon a Windy Day, when a well Dreſs'd Gentleman can't ſtir abroad: The *Beaus* were forc't to take ſhelter in the *Play-Houſe* I ſuppoſe: I was a Fool, I did not go thither, I might have made ten times the Havock in the ſide Boxes.

Tri. Your Ladyſhip's being out of Humour with the *Exchange Woman*, for Shaping your Ruffles ſo Odiouſly, I am afraid made you a little too reſerv'd Madam.

Leo. Prithee! Was there a Fop in the whole Ring, that had not a ſide Glaſs from me! Nay, ev'n that Inſenſible Wretch *Longville*, watcht the Circulation of my Chariot with an unuſual Aſſiduity. The Humility of his Bow has given me ſome hopes of Revenging the Affront he put upon me laſt Week.

Tri. O Dear, Madam! I always took him for a well Bred Gentleman! Cou'd he Affront your Ladyſhip?

Leo. O in the groſſeſt manner! He ſate two whole Hours alone with me in my Dreſſing Room, and was as far from making me any offers of Love or Gallantry, as if I had been his Mother.

Tri.

Tri. Perhaps your Ladyſhip gave him no Encouragement Madam.

Leo. Quite contrary! I Languiſht in my Glaſs, laid my Neck bare, Smil'd on him, talkt of Love, made him draw on my Gloves, tye on my Necklace; nay, take my *Dormouſe* out of my very Boſom: But all in vain, he did it with all the coldneſs of a Brother, no more mov'd than if he had been my Husband. O he Tortur'd me ſo I could not bear him!

Tri. I am affraid Madam, by this Uneaſineſs your Ladyſhip likes him?

Leo. No Fool! But 'twere an uneaſineſs not to have him like me.

Tri. You know Madam, he's Engag'd to *Olivia*, and I am confident can have no good meaning any where elſe.

Leo. His meaning cou'd do me no Prejudice; let him be once my Lover, I'll ſoon lead him into the Road of Honour.

Tri. I ſuppoſe Madam, your Ladyſhip wou'd not have him Travel as far as Marriage.

Leo. Marriage! No, no! This Face is not to be flung away upon a Husband yet: I Love as your great Generals Fight, not for Peace, but Glory: Marriage is a meer Ceſſation of Arms: When I can hold out no longer I am ſecure of an Honourable Retreat in my Lord *Lovemore*: The Reputation of his Senſe, and his ſix Years Conſtancy, ſufficiently ſatisfies the World, that I am not at a loſs for a Husband.

Tri. Your Ladyſhip has a very working Brain Madam, you were Born to Conquer.

Leo. And Bred ſo too! I began my little Wars of Love before Thirteen, heav'd my Breaſts at Twelve, and entertain'd my Train of Dangling *Beaux* with all the Affected Coldneſs of One and Twenty: Nay, ev'n then had a Soul ſo ſenſible of Glory, I Fought my three Duels a Week, Kill'd now and then my Man, and as one fell, was ſtill deſigning on another.

Tri. For Heavens ſake, Madam, Did your Ladyſhip uſe to Fight Duels,

Leo. Stupid Creature! 'Twas *Leonora* Fought: Her Eyes inflam'd the Combat, ſhe drew the Sword ſecure of Conqueſt; for both the Victor, and the Victim were *Leonora*'s ſtill.

Tri. Madam, my Lady *Manlove*.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. *Ma.* Good morrow Child, What not Dreſs'd yet?

Leo. I am juſt Ready, Madam, has your Ladyſhip been Abroad?

L. *Man.* Ay, I have been with Father *Benedic* about your Brother *Johnny*. He will be here this Afternoon: And juſt as I had left him, whom ſhou'd I meet coming out of his Lodgings but Mr. *Longville*. — He ſays, he has ſome Private Buſineſs with you, Child: He will be here in a moment: Prithee make what haſte you can with him, that I may talk with him further about your Brothers Journey. — I long to have the Dear Creature in Private again. (*Aſide.*)

Leo. I'll obſerve you, Madam, I will ſoon Diſpatch him.

L. *Man.* Prithee do Child, in the mean time I'll go and prepare your Brother. (*Exit* L. *Man.*)

Leo. Some Private Buſineſs with me! — Nay then. — (*She Prides, and ſets her ſelf in her Glaſs.*) Oh *Jeſu*! This is a frightful Head! Here *Triffle*! Fetch me that with the Blew Knts. (*Takes off her Commode.*) — D'ye hear! my Crimſon Gown and Petticoat. — O! I can't contain my ſelf! Methinks I ſee him:

him at my Feet! Diſpairing! Dying! Breathing out his laſt Complaint of Love! — Why don't you ſtir you ſenſeleſs Creature! Hold! hold! Stay a little! Lay down the Head! Go you and wait below, to give me notice of his coming: And d'ye hear, ſend *Lettice* to Dreſs me in the next Room, here he may Surprize me. — Go! go! Make haſte Lump! For my Revenge is more Impatient than another's Love. (*She runs off bare-headed, her Gown looſe about her*, &c.) *Exit* Triffle *at the other Door*: And then—

Enter Lettice, *who in haſte takes up the Things, and follows* Leonora; *after which, Enter* Triffle, *with Lord* Lovemore, *and* Longville.

Lon. Where's your Lady?

Tri. Hearing you were to be here, Sir, ſhe went immediately into the next Room to change her Dreſs.

Lon. D'ye hear that, my Lord?

L. *Lov.* Is her Decency a Fault?

Lon. Her Deſign is.

L. *Lov.* Prithee no more, I am Impatient till thou haſt prov'd thy ſelf a Mad-man. — Come! Where's my Poſt?

Tri. Here my Lord, in this Avenue. — There's a Door upon your Right Hand, that leads you to the Back Stairs.

Lon. When I pull out my Handkercher, let that be your *Cue* to go round, and come in at this Door, as tho' you knew nothing of what had paſt.

L. *Lov.* I ſhall obſerve you, Sir.

Lon. Be ſure! Whatever you hear, don't let your Reſentment Diſcover you before your time: For ſhou'd ſhe find you overheard her, ſhe will certainly face you down, ſhe knew of your being there, and that ſhe receiv'd me kindly only to Revenge your Affronting Jealouſie.

L. *Lov.* Humh! (*Smilling.*) you are mighty Cautious — I give you my Honour to obſerve your Directions.

Lon. Follow *Triffle*, my Lord, [*She places* L. Lovemore *unſeen.*] Here, Child, there's another Purſe for thy good Service: Let your Lady know I am here. — [*Exit* Triffle.] — So! Now for a little Scandalous Railery upon your Top-Beauties of Quality to Recommend my Judgment in her: Let me ſee! Which will be my beſt way to deliver my Paſſion? — Pox I need not ſtudy ſet Speeches: For ſhe has ſo much of the *Coquet* in her, that you can no more fall from the Diſcourſe of Love in her Company, than you can be Raiſed to Act it in her Mothers: My Deſign has hitherto been ſo Proſperous, I can hardly think Succeſs will fail me now. — Beſide the Liberty of my Friend draws the Curtain to my Siſters Hopes. — But, ſee! She is here!

Enter Leonora *new Dreſt.*

Leo. Lord! — Mr. *Longville*! What Accident has Bleſt us with your good Company? For unleſs ſome extraordinary Buſineſs brings you, you are no more to be ſeen, than a Lawyer in Term-time.

Lon. O! Madam! My Life's an eternal Term, Love's my Cauſe, and you are my Judge.

Leo. Poor Wretch! I have him now! (*Aſide.*) I ſhall be glad to be of Counſel for you.

Lon.

Lon. To tellyou the Truth, Madam, 'twas a little of your Advice I now came for: For my Cauſe is coming on this very Moment: Gad take me it has coſt me the Lord nows what to Qualifie me for the Bar of Love: I am reſolved now to make my Appearance! Have you perceived no Alteration in me, Madam, theſe two Days?

Leo. I'll ſwear, I think I have! Won't you ſit, *Mr. Longville.*

Lon. Hey! who's there?

Enter a Footman *to* Longville.

Bid the Coach-man go home and—let five of my Men wait me at *Chaves's*, you only below, I am in Private. — Hey! let 'em all ſtay, I'd have the World know where I pay my Devoir. (*Bows.*)

Leo. Well, I ſwear, *Mr. Longville*, nothing ſpeaks a Gentleman more than his Equipage, the whole Ring Yeſterday took notice of your Chariot. Ah! Jeſu! Such a lolling eaſie Air! Then the Six clean Creatures that Drew it had their Mains and Tails ſo finely Curl'd and Powder'd, that their very motion gave a new born ſweetneſs to the Ev'ning.

Lon. Do you know, *Madam*, that the great *Dutch* Beau, *Minheer Van Powderback* offer'd me a Hundred Guineas for a Brace of their Tails, to make him a Peruke.

Leo. Let me Dye! But you are a ſecond *Phaeton*! This Equipage and Chariot, were enough to ſet the whole Beau *Mond* on Fire! Jeſu! 'tis not Ten Days ago, ſince you were the ſtrangeſt Rough Creature, always in a Plain Coat: But two Horſes to your Coach, a ſingle Footman behind it, and ſcarce Powder enough in your Perriwig to whiten the inſide of it.

Lon. Ha! ha! Gad take me, Madam, your Ladiſhip has hit me.

Leo. But Jeſu! who is this Powerful Beauty, that has wrought this Wonderous Alteration?

Lon. Your Ladiſhip is very intimate with her: Can't you Gueſs her Madam?

Leo. O Sir! 'twere hard to do that among ſo many Beauties, as this Town affords.

Lon. Beauties! ha! ha! Pray Madam, do me the Favour to name one of thoſe things you call Beauties? That a Gentleman can bear the Thoughts on?

Leo. O! Fie! Mr. *Longville*! there's a World of 'em! What do you think of my Lady *Slattern Pinchit*? She is an Heireſs, underſtands the Management of a Family to a Miracle, and I'vow has really a great deal of Wit.

Lon. Ha! ha! ha! my Lady *Slattern Pinchit*! I muſt confeſs ſhe has Two Thouſand Pound a Year to Recommend her Nauſeous Houſwifry, which is enough to turn ones Stomach! Pray, Madam, let me give you an account of a Viſit I made her, at her Lodgings at the Bath laſt Summer.

Leo. O Filthy *Iriſh* Creature, the very Apprehenſion of it gives me the Vapours: For Heav'ns ſake no more!

Lon. Nay Gad, Madam, it's worth your Hearing: You muſt know I had a mind to ſurprize her: When I was got up Stairs I Bolted into her Bed-Chamber, where I found my Prudent Lady, and her Couzen, Bare-headed at Dinner—upon the Remains of a Cold Leg of Lamb, and Cucumbers!

Leo. O! my Soul!

Lon.

Lon. The ſight of me drove them immediately into the Cloſet, from whence they cu s'd, and ſtorm'd at me through the Key-hole, worſe than if I had caught them Naked: In the mean time I took a view of her Chamber, and found under her Chair half a Bottle of *Briſtol*-milk, upon the ſeat of it lay her Garters, and a Pair of Green Worſted Stockings, and upon the Back of it hung a Daub'd Diaper Napkin above an Inch thick of Pomatum.

Leo. Inſuppo table!

Lon. Upon her Toilet lay the Overplus of her Complexion, in the Print of three Red Fingers upon the corner of a Callico Nightrail.

Leo. O! I ſhall Die!

Lon. Upon the Cheſt of Drawers lay a Pair of old Slippers, with a Dirty Suit of Night cloaths, a Pound of Butter, and a Raw Phillet of Veal wrapt in the Tayl of her Bathing Smock.

Leo. Ah! [*Squealing out.*

Lon. I'gad, Madam, if you are no better at Pointing me out a Conqueſt, I ſhall ev'n be forc'd to attack your Ladyſhip.

Le. O Jeſu! I'll name all the Town firſt! Not but I believe I may ſtop at Fine Mrs. *Courtly*, ſhe that my Lord *Cou'd-n't-brook* fought about.

Lon. I'll commend her to ſee how ſhe will take it. [*Aſide.*] She is very Handſome, Madam, and all the World allows her a Woman of Extraordinary Breeding!

Leo. Do they ſo Sir! Nay I'll ſwear I can't blame you, really ſhe is very much a Gentlewoman! ſo Eaſie! ſo Free! ſo agreeable and good Humour'd! I vow to Gad my Lady *Cenſure*, and I were ready to fall out about her, ſhe ſays ſhe is the moſt Affected Piece, that ever croſs'd the Drawing-Room, one of her ſideling Curt'ſys turns her Stomack.

Lon. Why Faith, Madam, as my Lady ſays, now and then ſhe does ſcrew her ſelf confoundedly.

Leo. O the moſt intollerable, vain Fantaſtick Creature breathing; the Duce take me Mr. *Longville*, if ſhe had not the confidence to report that Sir *John Lovewell* was kill'd upon her account?

Lon. Ridiculous! all the World knows, Madam, he fell a Victim to your Eyes! S' *Death*! how loth ſhe is to loſe the Glory of a Man's Murther! (*Aſide.*

L. *Lov.* (*Behind.*) What does he Fool with me? Is this the worſt of her he can ſhow me? Women are all cenſorious: But now it may be complaiſance to him, that makes her ſo: I will have patience; for ſhu'd I interrupt him, there wu'd be no end of his idle Jealouſies.

Lon. Still wide, Madam, the Lady I mean is one whoſe ſenſe, and Beauty, ev'n envious Wit can find no fault in.

Leo. Jeſu! Mr. *Longville*, this is a Complement to the whole Sex to believe there can be ſuch a Woman: I'll ſwear I wou'd give the World to know her.

Lon. Will you hear me, Madam, if I name her? have I your word, it ſhall not make you leave the Room.

Leo. Prithee, why ſhu'd you think that? You don't intend to conjure with her Name, I hope.

Lon. No, Madam, I only dread the Magick of her Eyes!

Leo. Jeſu! what makes you ſo Grave?

Lon. 'Twere an Inſolence unpardonable, Madam, to ſee a Malefactor Merry at the Bar.

Leo.

Leo. What do you mean?

Lon. To take my Trial, Madam, for the crime of Love; Therefore I claim the Promiſe of your Counſel; and beg to know if it were poſſible for a Lover to make his Paſſion grateful to you, in what manner wu'd you moſt willingly receive it? Deliver'd with a gay Aſſurance between Jeſt and Earneſt, or with a Rough Downright Bluntneſs; or elſe with all the Paſſionate Submiſſive Vows, that Love and Truth cou'd teach him?

Leo. Your own Reaſon will reſolve you. A real Paſſion can't be Jeſted with, and your Rough Lover is a Brute: No! I own 'tis Tenderneſs, and ſoft Complaint, a Dying look, Heart-breaking ſighs, and Tears alone cou'd move my nature to a Relenting Pity.

Lon. So! now ſhe has inſtructed me! I ſhall go on with a good Aſſurance! [*Aſide.*] You cou'd not ſure deſpiſe a Lover ſo complaining. (*Sighs.*)

Leo. Nature it ſelf abhors ſo Barbarous a Thought.

Lon. Then give me leave to kneel before you.

L. *Lov.* Ha! This is to the purpoſe. (*Behind.*)

Leo. The Fool's undone! Ruin'd paſt Redemption! Jeſu! Prithee riſe!

Lon. Not tell you aſſure me, that you believe me ſerious.

Leo. Well!—a—Riſe! I dare do that, while you are ſitting. (*They ſit.*)

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! ſhe rejects him not. (*Behind.*)

Leo. I'll vow you ſurprize me, Mr. *Longville!* I never dream't of love from you!

Lon. My Lord *Lovemore*, Madam, being long my Friend before he was my Rival, oblig'd me to conceal my Paſſion from the world, and you: Nay ſo ſacred was my Friendſhip, that ev'n opportunity, which Madam, our Intimacy has often given me, cou'd not hitherto betray me to a guilty Glance.——But now the violence of my love forces me to confeſs my Soul, to ſacrifice that Friend, and curſe him by the name of Rival: Therefore in ſpite of Bonds, (*Kneeling.*) to you I offer up my heart, and ſhou'd his Interpoſing Vows but rob me of a ſmile of yours, his life's the Sacrifice I'll make to your Miſtaken Charity.

Leo. Fy! Mr. *Longville*, this to me! Lord! what do you mean?

Lon. What the Devil ſhall I ſay now? (*Aſide*)

L. *Lov.* So tame at the Diſcovery! (*Behind.*)

Lon. In Pity, Madam, think me real, and if you have already bleſt him with the Rich Treaſure of your conquer'd Heart, be at leaſt ſo generouſly cruel to confirm the truth of it to a miſerable deſpairing Wretch, and from this moment my Paſſion ſhall be dumb, and trouble you no more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! I am Tortur'd with my Fears. (*Behind.*)

Leo. (*aſide.*) Well is there any Rapture like the glory of a Proſtrate Lover? Now to raiſe his Giddy Hopes, while like his ſhadow I ſtill fly before him, ſeem always near, yet never to be o're taken.—Pray riſe!

Lon. Never while my Rival ſtands before me in your Favour.

Leo. Jeſu! ſure you are not in Earneſt.

Lon. Your coldneſs, Madam, tells me indeed you wou'd not have me ſo.—Nay then my Rival has your Heart, and you in Generous Pity to my Love, wou'd fain conceal it—(*Riſes.*)—No Madam, there's now but this to chooſe, that ſince I can't be yours to be no more.—Madam! Farewell. (*Unbuttons himſelf.*)

self.) May you be happy in my Rival's Love.—His life I wou'd not, dare not touch because 'tis dear to you.—But thus I sacrifice my own.(*Offering to Draw.*)

Leo. Ah! for Heavens sake what do you mean? *(Holds Him.)*

Lon. To trouble you no more. *(Strugling.)*

Leo. Lord! I hope you won't offer any mischief! hear me but speak!

Lon. You have said too much already: Pray let me die in quiet. S'Death will she hinder me, or no? *(Aside.)*

Leo. O dear Mr. *Longville* don't talk of dying! Jesu! if he shu'd kill himself here he wou'd all spoil my Floor: Beside I shall loose the Pleasure of fooling him. [*aside*] —Pray give me your Sword!

Lon. Madam, Despair, and life are Insupportable.

Leo. Hold! O hold!—You have touch'd my soul so tenderly, that with a thousand Burning Blushes I must intreat you live, if Hope can save you: O! never let the fear of any Rival shock your Hopes, and least my Lord *Lovemore*, his Person, and his Grave Behaviour were ever my Aversion, had not my Mothers Commands forbad me I had long ago inform'd him so.

Lon. Surprizing Comfort.

L. *Lov.* Pernicious Jilt. *(Behind.)*

Lon. 'Twas reported, Madam, 'twu'd have suddenly been a Match between you.

Leo. What he may report I know not: But when I marry him, assure your self it shall be when I despair of any one else.——A dull constant Ass born to bear the Burthen of a slighted love. A lump of Lime only to be fir'd with cold Water.—Think no more of him, had I not vow'd a single life, your Merit above the world wu'd charm me into Marriage. But since that Blessing is deny'd me, let me at least live happy in your Friendship.

L. *Lov.* By Heav'n her very words to me. [*Behind.*]

Lon. Now! I have enough! *(Drops his Handkercher.)* Friendships too cold a Clime, our Mutual Happiness can never flourish there: No! Madam, 'tis only loves warm Soil that ripens all the Blooming joys of life, and makes that life, but one Eternal Harvest.

L. *Lov.* So close! I want Patience.

Lord Lovemore *comes* Foreward.

Madam, your Humble Servant!

Leo. Ah—! *(Shricking.)* I'll swear my Lord you frighted me.

Lon. I don't like his coming in that way.

L. *Lov.* I thought, Madam, Mr. *Longville* of all Mankind had been your Aversion, and that nothing but his being my friend cou'd make you endure the sight of him, I hope you think better of him now, Madam.

Leo. What Devil brought him to surprize us in the only Guilty Minute. Nay I must confess my Lord, I did not think him so unpleasing, while he was your Advocate.

L. *Lov.* O! then he was Kneeling for me all this while!

Leo. Umh!—a—ay! my Lord! *(Faultring.)* Jesu! you don't think it was upon his own account! This was a lucky Turn.

Lon. How she fastens her self in the Noose. *(Aside.)*

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* Methinks, Madam, he over-did his Part! To Preſs his Arguments in melting Kiſſes upon your Snowy hand, thoſe were too warm for Friendſhip.

Leo. O' my ſoul he's jealous, Mr. *Longville*! ha! ha!

L. *Lov.* I ne're was jealous: I found you falſe before you gave me leave to doubt you.

Leo. You are ſerious, my Lord! (*Affecting a Surprize.*)

L. *Lov.* Had you been ever ſo with me, I had not found my ſelf your Fool ſo late; ſhu'd I talk with you I ſhu'd ſtill appear your Fool: For no one ſure can part eternally (as I muſt now) with the hopes of his deſir'd Happineſs, without a Painful Thought; and I am loth to expoſe my weakneſs: I ſhall not aggravate your Wrongs to me: But leave your Conſcience to condemn you:—Farewell for ever; and ſince my Truth, and Honour, are ſo ill rewarded, may henceforth none but Fools, and Villains Kneel before you. (*Going.*

Leo. Stay, my Lord!—I muſt not loſe him ſo: For I know the Town will never tell his ſtory to my advantage. (*Aſide.*)

L. *Lov.* My Love ſhall never call me back, good manners may. (*Aſide.*) —Your Commands, Madam.

Leo. My Lord, you may be in an Error, and I hope have more Generoſity than to condemn me unheard, therefore—

Lon. Hold, Madam! I find your drift, and faith 'twere too Barbarous, ſhu'd I betray you to a farther guilt by ſuffering you to excuſe what you have already ſhown. No! Madam, my ends are Anſwer'd, and now 'tis time the Jeſt ſhu'd go no farther.

Leo. What do you mean?

Lon. To throw aſide the mask of love, and ſhow a Bare-faced Friendſhip, and to tell you, that I never lov'd you, ne're admir'd you, nay always had an ill opinion of you: that I was jealous of your affected coldneſs to my Friend, and therefore feign'd my ſelf his Rival; that you with Artificial Bluſhes have approv'd my Paſſion, and ſeemingly (for I ne're thought you real yet to any one) plac'd me neareſt to your heart: where Heav'n knows I never wiſht my ſelf, I only ſearch'd it for a Friend, and faith, Madam, had I found him there, I had retir'd with joy, I ask your Pardon for my Intruſion into your Favour, Madam.

Leo. Confuſion! Trick'd! betray'd! caught in the very ſnare that I had lay'd for him! Now the Malicious Town will Triumph!

Lon. May my Lord go, Madam?

Leo. My Lord, this uſage ill becomes your Honour, or my Quality; as for the inſolence of your Friend, I cu'd expect no better from a Rejected Lover.

L. *Lov.* I ſaw no great ſigns of his Deſpair, Madam: But to ſatisfie you better, I have over-heard every word you have ſaid this half hour.

Leo. Then I am betray'd indeed! That Devil *Longville* has reſcued him from Ruine: Confound 'em both, I ſhall never dare to ſhow my Face agen! (*walks diſorder'd.*

Lon. Really, Madam, I can't blame the Judgment of your Belle-Paſſion: For Gallantry, Equipage, and Grandieur, are prevailing Orators.—Hey! let my Men wait all without, I'd have the World know where I pay my Devoir.

Leo. Fellow! (*ſcornfully.*

Lon. Madam!

Leo. Sir I have nothing to ſay to you! Pray be gone.

Lon. Why in ſuch a Paſſion, Madam!

Leo. Lightning blaſt thee.

Lon. Take not a Womans Anger ill! (*Turns ſhort, and ſings.*

Leo. Curſe of my Treacherous Folly, that urg'd me to believe his Paſſion Real—O that it were! Ha! Can't it be made to ſeem ſo? --- A ſudden thought revives me!

L. *Lov.* Well! Madam, I ask your Pardon for conſenting to the Extravagance of my Friends Attempt: But if you have a Thought that can condemn me for't, now freely give it Breath: For after this you'll never ſee me more.

Leo. My Lord you know this Apology is needleſs: I only deſire to ſpeak a word with Mr. *Longville* before he goes. (*ſmiling.*

Lon. Me! Madam! with all my heart. (*they go together.*

Leo. (*To her ſelf.*) Now Aſſiſt me all the ſubtilty of Women! -- If there's a ſpark of Love remaining in that Boſom, (pointing to Lrd. *Lovemore.*) lend me a Smile to light it into Jealouſie! What tho' his Flame be out, I have ſeen a dying Taper kindled with its own Smoak! --- O! to make him burn agen, and work a brave Revenge upon this Wretch, this poor Extinguiſher!

Lon. Madam! I have not heard you ſay very much all this while!

Leo. Come a little this way! (*ſhee ſeems familiar with him.*

Lon. What the Devil has ſhe got in her Head now!

L. *Lov.* Ha! I don't like that whiſpering! S'Death ſhe ſmiles on him!

Leo. (*Aloud*) Never fear that! if he offers to draw, my Servants will part you before there can be any Miſchief.

Lon. S'Death! I don't underſtand you; hark you, Madam!

Leo. I know my Dear, what you mean; I will tell him all my ſelf.

Lon. Ounds! my Dear!

Leo. Prithee! Ridiculous! --- Why ſhou'd we conceal it longer! Both he, and the World muſt know it in a little time.

Lon. S'Death! She racks me!

L. *Lov.* And me! (*aſide.*

Leo. Come! I am weary of my odious part: Beſide, my Lord has no Reaſon to take it ill of you, ſince, as you own, he only wanted a Pretence to leave me for another.

L. *Lov.* Unheard of Treachery! (*aſide.*

Lon. I find Madam, you are deſigning me a Kindneſs, and Faith 'twere pity to baulk this fit of your good Nature. Pray go on, Madam, Methinks I wou'd fain have my Lord ſatisfied—What a Jilt you are. (*aſide.*

Leo. Nay, I am reſolv'd he ſhall know all—In ſhort, my Lord, what you over heard there, was his particular Requeſt to me to give you a Pretence for leaving me, and at the ſame time to conceal his real Paſſion, by feigning a feign'd one to me; and ſince I find, my Lord, that you have been long engag'd elſewhere, I tell you this to let you ſee I have been before hand with you.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! he has been my ſecret Rival! Sure Hell ne'er form'd ſo cloſe an Artifice! [*aſide.*

Lon. Ah! Dear Madam, I am oblig'd to you: But faith this won't do: Your humble Servant—Come my Lord!

L. *Lov.* No Sir! don't think it ſhall: Tho' I have been this Ladies Aſs, I will be yours no longer: I don't wonder now you thought her falſe to me!

Lon. My Lord! (*amaz'd.*

Leo. Fye! Mr. *Longville*, no more of this! The Farce is over now, and I can't bear any thing from you, that looks ſo like indifference.

Lon. Confound your Kindneſs!

Leo. Nay I vow I ask your Pardon! And ſince I find you are ſo unwilling to Reveal it, 'tis not gon ſo far, but we may blind him ſtill: 'Tis but your ſeeming to uſe me ill again: Now begin to rail at me!

Lon. Stupendious Impudence!

L. *Lov.* Inſinuating Slave! (*aſide.*

Leo. So! ſo! very well I'll ſwear! ha! ha! ha!

Lon. Fury! Monſter!

Leo. Better yet! O! I ſhall dye!

Lon. Harpy! Fiend! Devil!

Leo. Admirably well acted, I'll ſwear—ſo now take up a little.

Lon. I ſhall obſerve you, Madam!

L. *Lov.* So ſoon Inſtructed Sir! [*aſide.*

Lon. I find there is no Remedy but Patience! the more I ſtrive, the faſter I am entangled—my Lord I muſt confeſs I cannot wonder at your Amazement. But as a Token of my Innocence— [*offering his Sword to Ld.* Lovemore.

Leo. Be ſure you keep your Countenance. (*aloud in his Ear.*

L. *Lov.* S'Death! am I become your ſport!

Lon. Exquiſite Devil! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*

L. *Lov.* No Sir, keep your Sword! You may have occaſion for it — Farewell—*Exit* Ld. *Lovemore*, haſtily,

Lon. Confuſion! he is undone! I've ruin'd both my ſelf, and him! Something muſt be thought on ſpeedily.

[Leonora *looks gravely on* Longville, *and on a ſudden burſt into a loud Laughter.*

Leo. Ha! ha! ha! he!

Lon. Very well! Your Tune may be chang'd, Madam, my Wits won't be idle.

Leo. Wit! from thee! I ſhall as ſoon dread it from a Country Parſon: Go Sir, to your Friend, he'll thank you for the Pains you've taken, and certainly admire your Wit! ha! ha! ha;

Lon. Damn her ſhe has unman'd me, almoſt work'd me to the Thoughts of a Revenge. [*muſes.*

Leo Ha! I ſee my Mother coming! I'll ſet her upon him to heighten my Triumph.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. *Man.* Well Child, have you done with Mr. *Longville* yet?

Leo. O Madam the ſaddeſt Accident! Poor Mr. *Longville*'s Diſtracted! Look how he Chaffes and Frowns! His Fit's upon him now! He abuſes every one he ſpeaks to, has almoſt frighted me out of my Wits.

L. *Man.* I'll ſwear I thought his Behaviour this Morning was a little ſtrange; good lack! Can't you gueſs at the Occaſion Child.

Leo.

Leo. I don't know what to think, Madam, but my Lord *Lovemore* tells me you are the occaſion, he ſays he has never been right ſince your Ladiſhip proteſted againſt a ſecond Marriage.—Dear Madam, won't you ſpeak to him?

L. *Man.* Lord! that ever my raſhneſs ſhu'd be the occaſion of ſuch a Misfortune! How wild he looks!

Lon. (*To Himſelf.*) To what a plunge am I reduc'd? I am not only in danger of forfeiting his Friendſhip: But of his looſing himſelf agen to her: My Life! my Friend! my Honour, all's in danger: For ſhu'd he challenge me, my Innocence will not let me anſwer him! If I refuſe, the World may think it fear. Shu'd I fight, and Fortune put his life into my Power, ev'n the Gift of that were not enough to clear my Honour; for in his heart he'll think me ſtill a Villain.

L. *Man.* Well! I can hold no longer; the poor man raves. (*Weeps.*)

Leo. It works as I cu'd wiſh. (*Aſide.*)

Lon. S' Death! the very thought on't makes me mad!

L. *Man.* If you love my life, Mr. *Longville*, let me know that thought, or I ſhall run mad too? (*Takes hold on him.*)

Lon. Confuſion! am I fallen into her Clutches!

L. *Man.* Dear Mr. *Longville* don't be thus frighted: For I had rather break a Thouſand Vows, than ſee you in this condition: All the World ſhan't perſwade me: For I am now reſolv'd to marry you.

Lon. Hark you, Madam, who puts you upon this?

L. *Man.* Lord! wh---wh---why do you ſtare ſo? [*Trembling.*]

Lon. To hear a Woman of your years talk thus: Pray, Madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Why do you talk ſo wildly?

Lon. I ſay, Madam, how old are you?

L. *Man.* Nay dear Sir, don't let my Age diſcourage you: For I hope ſtill to be the Mother of many a dear child, provided I deſerve for 'em by your Reaſonable Endeavours.

Lon. Let me tell you, Madam, you are now big with a falſe Conception, and will certainly miſcarry of it. (*Going.*)

L. *Man.* O I can't part with you, while you have a thought that wrongs my Honour. (*Holds Him.*)

Lon. That's impoſſible! thy Face protects it: Age and Uglineſs lye intrencht in thy hollow Cheeks, and bid defiance to all ſcandal: yet thou art every day diſplaying thy Colours of White and Red, to make the World believe thou art in action ſtill.—Come! come! Madam, you had as good give over beating up for Voluntiers: For the Devil a Man will you raiſe to ſtarve in thoſe Winter Quarters. *Exit.*

Leo. Ha! Gone! I am afraid, Madam, this Madneſs is affected: I really believe, becauſe I refus'd his Addreſſes, he was reſolv'd to be reveng'd by affronting your Ladiſhip and me.

L. *Man.* How! His Addreſſes! Nay then I'll be reveng'd! *Olivia* ſhall revenge me: For I will go, and tell her of it immediately.

Leo. O! Madam, I have ſuch a ſtory of him for your Ladiſhips Ear.

L. *Man.* Prithee! let's in, and have it at Dinner. *Exit Lady* Manlove.

Leo.

Leo. What a malicious Devil is this *Longville?* To rob me in one minute of the Pride of all my Conqueſts. Why let him go! I have ſtill the Glory of a Brave Revenge to Boaſt! Perhaps his life may pay for't: If all the Devils in our Sex can ruin him, it ſhall! An unform'd Miſchief lyes rowling in my thoughts, and tells me I ſhall Triumph! That Men ſhu'd ever match their Wit with ours! What but a Woman cu'd thus fool'd his treacherous Friend, and a Reſenting Lover? Lovers or not, we ſtill defye Their Boaſted ſenſe! But when they love, what Slaves, what Wretches do we make 'em? How eaſie 'tis to look 'em into ruin?

If they wrong us, we ſeek a Brave Revenge,
When we are frail, we make the Injur'd Cringe,
Our Eyes prevail, when ſullen Reaſon's deaf,
Our Tears perſwade 'em,——and the Fools believe;
While falſe, we Lordlike reign, and only find,
'Tis being true, that ruins Woman-kind. Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

The Scene *a Dining-Room in* Longville's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Emilia.

Emil. PRithee, my Dear think better of him.

Oliv. I never ſhall! he won't give me leave to do it——If he valued me, or took any Pleaſure in my Commands, he wu'd take leſs in my Lady *Manlove*'s Company, he lives there I think.

Emi. Bleſs me, can you be jealous of him with a ſtale Widow, he is no younger Brother, my Dear!

Oli. He is a Man, conſequently a thing that's vain, and loves to be admir'd.

Emi. There are ſuch Out-caſt Fops indeed, who rather, than not be lik'd at all will take up with the Common Favours of an old Lady. But I can't think my Brother ſo neceſſitous a Lover, having already merited the good opinion of my Dear *Olivia*; nay I muſt believe he merits it, or you wou'd not ſo often have confeſs'd it.

Oli. I am not aſham'd to own my ſelf in an Error.

Emi. Your greateſt Error is your Doubting him: Come! you ſhall think better of him, 'twill oblige your Friend: I am in Pain while you are thus ſevere to him: Have I no Power? Dear *Olivia.*

Oli. Kind *Emilia*! I cannot think thou wou'dſt uſe that Power, did not thy Brother's Innocence perſuade thee: O! I cou'd devour thee for thy Generous Faith to him. [*Kiſſes her.*] And if I love him well 'tis for his tender care of thee.

Emi. He loves me beſt, in loving you ſo faithfully: Indeed he loves you, I am ſure he does: For he has taught me hitherto, to avoid moſt Womens Friendſhip: But when I mention'd you! O! How he preſs'd me to my applauded Choice, and charm'd me with your Vertues.

Oli. This from a Friend aſſures me to be happy: But is he not to blame my Dear?

Emi.

Emi. Take it on my word not now: 'Tis a Buſineſs of Concern, that keeps him there, I want time to tell you what: Have but a little Patience and his return will ſatisfie you: Prithee be Good Humour'd, he won't be long I am ſure! Here's the Harpſicord to Divert us in the mean time. Come! I will have a Leſſon.

Oli. Prithee, I can't Play. [*Uneaſie.*]

Emi. Nay, I won't Court you, but make you! There! There! Gentlewoman. [*Pulls her to the Harpſicord*]

Oli. Lord! I am n't in Humour now.—Prithee! Can't you ſend to my Lady *Manlove's.*

Emi. Humh! I find ſhe ſticks in your Stomach ſtill.—— Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Step to my Lady *Manlove's* in the Pellmell, and tell my Brother here is a Lady ſtays for him,—make haſt. *Exit Servant.*

[Olivia *ſmiles on* Emilia, *and begins to Play.*]

Emi. O! have I put you in Tune, Madam.

[*The Tune ended* Emilia *ſays.*]

Emi. Nay, nay, you ſhan't give over ſo! I will have a Song too.

Oli. Nay if I ſing ———

Emi. If you don't, I ſhall be very angry, Madam.

[Olivia *Sings.*]

Tell me, Belinda, *Prithee do,*
(*The Wanton* Cælia *ſaid.*)
Since you'll allow no Lover true,
(*Inform a tender Maid.*)
Are not we Women Fools than to be ſo?
Belinda *ſmiling thus the Sex betray'd.*

Men have their Arts, and we have Eyes,
We both believe, and both tell lyes;
Tho' they a Thouſand Hearts purſue,
We love to wound as many too.
Yet ſtill with Virtue! virtue! keep a Pother,
We look! we love!
We like! we leave!
We both deceive!
And thus are Fools to one another.

Oli. What is not this Fellow come back yet? Well! I am out of Patience.

Emi. Prithee what time did you appoint my Brother, that you are ſo uneaſie?

Oli. I ſent him word to meet me at my Father's at three this Afternoon, where I find he has neither been, or left any word for me.

Emi. Why what a Clock do you take it to be now?

Oli. Paſt the Hour I am ſure: 'Twas after two before I came from *Kenſington.*

Emi. To ſee how ſlowly hours move with Abſent Lovers: Now my Watch wants above ten Minutes of Two.

Oliv. I don't know, I am ſure it's paſt Three by my Inclination.

Emi. Prithee ſet it back a little: But ſee here is the Meſſenger: Now I ſuppoſe, you may let it go as it will.

Re-enter the Servant.

Did you ſee my Brother?

Serv. No, Madam, he has not been there this Half-hour.

Oli. And don't they know whither he went.

Serv. No, Madam: But my Lady *Manlove* deſires to ſpeak with your Ladiſhip, and bid me tell you, that perhaps ſhe can ſatisfie you; if your Ladiſhip ſtays here long ſhe will wait upon you.

Oli. No! no! I'll go to her, ſhe will be an Hour a ſetting her ſelf out: Come my Dear will you go along with me: Well, I am ſure I ſhall hear no good of him.

Emi. Perhaps not, if my Lady *Manlove* has any thing to ſay of him. But however I will bear you Company: How did you come, my Dear?

Oli. O prithee make haſte, my Coach will carry us. *Exeunt.*

The Scene *Changes to* Locket's *in the Street.*

Enter Lord Lovemore *in a Chair.*

L. *Lov. to the Chairman.* HOld!—(*To his Servant.*) ſtep into *Locket*'s, and enquire if Mr. *Longville* be there. —— Don't ſay I wou'd ſpeak with him.

Exit Servant and Returns.

Serv. He is not there, my Lord, but they expect him every Minute.

L. *Lov.* Set me down.——There. [*Gives them Money.*

Chair. God bleſs your Honour. *Exit Chairmen.*

(*Lord* Lovemore *goes to the Door.*)

L. *Lov.* If he comes this way I am ſure of him.——But I am not ſure of my Revenge in ſo publick a Place. —Let me ſee how ſhall I manage him. (*Muſes.*)

Major Rakiſh *appears in the Bellcony Smoaking.*

Ma. A Hey! Dog! Son of a Whore! ſome more Wine here, Quick.

(*One ſpeaks within Ringing a Bell.*)

Within. Here *Tom! Dick!* ſpeak there! —— Coming Sir.

Ma. Who's that, my Lord *Lovemore!* Od's-heart we have ſtay'd this Hour for you! Where's *Charles*, Man? where's *Charles?*

L. *Lov.* He won't be long, I wait for him: We'll be with with you preſently.

Ma. Prithee make haſte, Odsbud the Rareſt Haunch of Veniſon, and Colliflowers——A Hey! Dinner there. (*Exit Major.*)

L. *Lov.* I have thought on't! there I ſhall be ſure of him. Hey! Waiter!

Enter a Waiter.

L. *Lov.* Have you e're a Back-Room empty?

Wait. Yes, my Lord, you may have the *Lion.*

L. *Lov.* When Mr. *Longville* comes: Be ſure you ſhow us there. (*Exit Waiter.*)

How Baſely has this Man betray'd me, had he like a Generous Friend to me confeſs'd himſelf my Rival, I then had only griev'd to have found him ſo, and thought that *Leonora*'s Charms were irreſiſtible: But like a Traytor thus to throw a foul Aſperſion on my Love, ſecretly to inſinuate that I am falſe to her! O 'tis the Baſeſt loweſt act of Groveling Treachery! Had he ten thouſand lives I wou'd ſerve 'em all to my Revenge. Ha! he is here, I'll take him while my Reſentment's warm.

Longville *Alights from another Chair.*

Lon. I am glad to find you here, my Lord, I wou'd fain ſpeak with you.

L. *Lov.* Come, let's walk up; we are ſtay'd for.

(*Within.*) Welcome Sir! Pleaſe to walk this way Gentlemen.

The Scene changes to a Back-Room in the Houſe. A Waiter ſhows in Lord Lovemore, *and* Longville, *and* Exit.

Lord Lovemore *claps too the Door, and locks it.*

Lon. HA! ſo ſudden! Nay then 'twas well that I prepar'd my ſelf.

L. *Lov.* You gueſs my meaning Sir?

Lon. I apprehend your Error, and it grieves me.

L. *Lov.* Doſt thou not bluſh?

Lon. For what? becauſe a Woman has out-witted me? If ſo my Lord, your ſelf ſhou'd change your Colour.

L. *Lov.* I find thou art grown an hardned Villain.

Lon.

Lon. When your amazing Jealouſy's my Judge, the worſt of Villains. My Reaſon is in Health, and conſtrues nothing ill from a diſtemper'd Friend.

L. *Lov.* Have I not Reaſon to be ſick of thee?

Lon. Thus far you have: When as a Friend I offer'd you a Cordial for the Infection of *Leonoras* Eyes: She in Revenge perſwades you 'tis a Poiſon: I cannot blame your Fears: But till you find the Poiſon work, believe me ſtill your Friend.

L. *Lov.* So Artful, Sir! You wou'd have me Reſpit my Revenge till you have fixt my *Leonora*, Married, and Enjoy'd her! Confuſion! Didſt think I wou'd reſign her tamely to thy Arms? Monſter no! Thou ne'er ſhalt Triumph there till thou haſt made thy way through me--Draw--And if thou hatt any Title to her Heart, diſpute it like a Man: For I am now reſolv'd, but one of us ſhall live to claim it.

Lon. By Heav'n you are on the brink of Ruine, hear me: but —— you know it is not fear that holds my Arm.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis worſe! Thy cloſe deſigning Craft; Thy Aim is ſtill to Cheat me with a pretended Friendſhip! No more! I will not give thee time to form a new Evaſion: Therefore Draw; for I have ſworn to ſatisfie my Revenge, and Injur'd Love.

Lon. What if I renounce all Claim to *Leonora*, or bind my ſelf by ſolemn Contract never to ſpeak, think of, or ſee her more.

L. *Lov.* So Tame! No! Even this is not enough to ſave thy Life: For tho' thy deſpicable Baſeneſs now prompts thee to forſwear thy Love, yet ſtill thy foul Detraction has for ever Ruin'd mine. *Leonora* thinks me falſe, and only in Revenge has favour'd thee: I ſlight thee as a Rival: But as a Villain am reſolv'd to end Thee —— Guard thy Life.

Lon. Give me but an hours Time to prove your Error; Nay, but a Moment now! Hear me but ſpeak!

L. *Lov.* Draw, or I'll nail thee to the Ground!

Lon. Nay then!--By Heav'n I will be heard,

[*Preſents a Piſtol*

L. *Lov.* Ha! What means the Villain!

Lon. Stir not as you prize your Life——— And now I'll own my ſelf a Villain! I mean for my betraying *Leonora*, had

not

not you been blind to your ſcorn: For though I knew her falſe, I took too baſe a way to prove her ſo: Nothing cou'd excuſe me but the height of Friendſhip! Were what I have done preſented on a Stage, all generous Souls wou'd hate me for the part I have acted: But ſince my good Intention is ſo ill rewarded by your ungrateful Jealouſie, I here retort the Villain back; and in defiance of thy Rage, thus Arm a Madmans Frenzy.

[*Offers him another Piſtol.*]

I wou'd anſwer with my Sword, but, as you know, being diſabled by a late Wound in my Arm, I thought if you were reſolv'd on Death, this was the ſurer way too for one of us to find him: Now make your choice my Lord.

[L. Lov. *takes one.*

L. *Lov.* Now! thou art a worthy Rival! No more, but Both retire; and then advancing, as our Fate directs us, never let us meet agen. [*They Advance from each end of the Room, and fire on one another*; Lon. *Falls.*

Lon. Now *Leonora*'s Yours! Fly my Lord, and ſave your ſelf.

L. *Lov.* No! I have kill'd thee bravely, therefore will not fly: Thy Life was forfeited to thy breach of Friendſhip; and tho' the Law has no regard to an honourable Revenge, yet there's a higher Power that controuls its Rigour, where I am ſure ſo juſt an Action will have Mercy.

(*Within.*) Open the Door there! Open the Door.

L. *Lov.* Who are you?

Y. Ra. Friends, my Lord! your Friends.

(*Within.*) Hey! A Lever there! Let's break it open.

L. *Lov.* You ſhall not need. (*Unlocks the Door*) Now Gentlemen you may enter.

Enter the Major, Y. Rakiſh, *a Gentleman, and ſeveral People of the Houſe.*

Maj. Why how now my Lord! What the Devil have you more Stomack to a brace of Bullets, than a good ſlice of Veniſon? A Pox on your forc'd Meat, odsbu'd I don't like it.——Why what's the matter Man?

Y. Ra.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! *Longville* Wounded!

Gent. Pray my Lord, how came this?

L. *Lov.* That you ſhall know another time; let it ſuffice I own my ſelf the Man, that Kill'd him; I Glory in the action, and will anſwer it to the Law. ——Pray Gentlemen keep out the Crowd, for I wou'd not give Fools a Holyday before my time.

Maj. Clear the Room there! ——You Dog! Run for a Surgeon quickly, — let's ſee, what is there no Hopes? Here! here! *Jacky* help him up a little—(*They ſet him in a Chair.*)—What a Devil is he quite gone! Plague on't, now muſt I go to Law with his Executors for my Five hundred Pound: why, what an Unfortunate Son of a Whore wert thou to leave it in his Hands.

Y. *Ra.* Any Hands, but yours dear Daddy. Ha! he ſtirs.

Ma. Ah! Dear *Charles*, the Five hundred Pound! What haſt thou done with it? ſpeak! ſpeak! my dear Boy, where is't?

Y. *Ra.* S' Death, Sir, is that a Queſtion to ask a Dying Man?

Ma. It is too much Money, Sir, for a Dying Man to run away with.

Gent. Here, ſome fair Water there.

Lon. (*Riſing.*) I am oblig'd to you for your Care, Gentlemen: But at preſent there is no occaſion for it.

Ma. What a Devil does he walk before he is Dead?

Y. *Ra.* Why how now *Charles!* Alive agen, and unhurt! How is't?

L. *Lov.* Ha! what Devil has inſtructed him thus to baffle my Revenge?

Lon. And now my Lord, I'll prove my ſelf agen your Friend: I fear'd your Jealouſie wou'd break into ſome Extravagance; and to deceive its Rage, took care to Arm you with an Unloaded Piſtol: I knew the Noiſe wou'd bring in People to prevent a ſudden Miſchief, and give me time to clear my Innocence; which if I now don't convince you of in an Hour, Dare me to the field, if I refuſe you then, think me a Villain ſtill, and Poſt me for a Coward. ——If you believe I ſpeak this out of fear my Lord, you wrong your Conſcience: For I have giv'n Proof,

when

when your occaſions call'd me, that I eſteem'd my Honour more than Life

L. *Lov.* I own it true, and 'tis that thought encourages me to embrace the Offer, in the mean time I will ſtruggle with my Reaſon to believe thee Innocent.

Maj. Look you, my Lord! Tho' I know nothing at all of this Buſineſs, yet I know *Charles* is a very Honeſt Fellow, and I'll ſtand by him. If he muſt have occaſion for a ſecond, Odsbu'd old *Dick*'s his Humble Servant. (*Claps* Lon. *on the Back.*)

Y *Ra* Nay then, Sir, little *Jacky*'s oblig'd in Honour to be my Lord's.

Maj. Well ſaid, Wickedneſs! There's an Ingenious Dog! now, rather than be out of miſchief, will he fight with his own Father.

Y. *Ra.* Why faith Old Gentleman, you have liv'd out of all Conſcience, and unleſs I make an Hole in your Lungs, I find I ſhall never make one in your Eſtate.

Maj. It's a Good Lad!—Why thou wilt have a Thouſand Pound a Year, my little *Jacky*, if thou art not Hang'd before I die.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Gentlemen! your Dinner is upon the Table.

Maj. Come, come, walk in my Lord, I am reſolv'd to ſee you Friends agen,

L *Lov.* I ſhall be glad of an Occaſion, Sir.

Lon. Fear not, my Lord, my Honour is engag'd to give it you. *Exeunt.*

The Scene *Changes to Lady* Manlove's *Houſe.*

Enter Triffle *and* Lettice.

Trif. WEll *Lettice*, this is a Rare Family we live in: For what between the Amours of my Lady *Leonora*, and the over-fondneſs of her Mother my Lady *Manlove*, we are in a very fair way of making our Fortunes.

Lett. Nay, for my Part, I have no reaſon to complain: For if

if I have but a mind to a particular ſuit of Knots, or a Gown of my Ladies, 'tis but commending her Complexion in a quite contrary colour, and the Buſineſs is done; and if you have but a new Intrigue to entertain her with, her Souls your own. O law! did I never tell you how ſhe ſerv'd an Amorous Book of Major *Rakiſh*'s t'other day.

Trif. No Prithee! how was it?

Lett. Why you muſt know, laſt Week ſhe Borrow'd a *French* Novel of him, and being told there was one deadly ſmutty Page in it, ſhe very diſcreetly beg'd him to double it down, that ſhe might be ſure to avoid it: But when ſhe gave him the Book agen, that poor Page was more Thumb'd and blurr'd, than the beginning of a School boys Accidence.

Trif. Ha! ha! and no doubt but ſhe took more Pains to get it by heart. But hark you *Lettice*, now you talk of a School-boy, how ſtands you Affair with my Lady's Son, Maſs *Johnny?*

Lett. O in a very fair way, I can aſſure you: He pretends to comply with his Mother's Deſign in going to St. *Omers*: But I know it's only his cunning to try whether or no I ſhall be concern'd to part with him: Now I am unwilling to looſe him by being too foreward, and am reſolv'd to drive things to an extremity before I conſent to marry him.

Tri. How! to Marry him, why I thought you only deſign'd to make a Fool of him.

Lett. Why that's making an Husband of him I think: O Dear, here come's my Lady, I'll tell you more anon. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Gentleman with Olivia, Emilia, *and Lady* Manlove.

Gent. (*to Olivia.*) What I have told you, Madam, is word for word, as I had it from Mr. *Longville*'s own mouth; Well, Ladies I have perform'd my Duty, and now muſt beg your Pardon; I left him at *Locket*'s, and promis'd him to return immediately.

L. *Ma.* Couſin, Your Servant.

Oli. Sir, I thank you, I am glad you have eas'd us of our Fear.

Gent. Madam, Your Humble Servant. *Exit Gent.*

Emi. Now, my Dear, I hope you are ſatisfied of my Brother's Truth.

Oli. It ſeems my Lord is not yet ſatisfied of his Friendſhip.

Emi. But you hear he has engag'd to convince him of it in an hour.

Oliv. When he does that, I ſhall know how to ſettle my Opinion.

Enter to them Leonora.

Leo. Ladies, Your Servant: I hope you have heard Mr. *Longville* is alive ſtill.

Emi. Yes, Madam, and I hope will live to give a Proof very ſhortly both of his Love and Friendſhip.

Leo. As for his Friendſhip that I can't anſwer for: But I confeſs I have no reaſon to complain of him as a Lover.

Oli. How, Madam!

Emi. You have no reaſon to complain of him as a Lover!

L. *Ma.* O Dear Ladies! Is that ſuch News to you? Well I find of all People your near Relations never truſt one another with their Love-ſecrets.

Emi. This Inſolence is inſupportable! *(Aſide.)* Pray, Madam, what Proof has my Brother ever given of his love to you?

Leo. Nay I can't ſwear, that he has given any certain Proof, for now a days Men offer Marriage, as their Intereſt directs them, not their love.

Oli. I ſee Women are more vain, than Men are falſe: Now, Madam, I am concern'd, and I muſt tell you, you are the laſt of Womankind cou'd make me ſo far jealous of Mr. *Longville*: I know the Race of Man wou'd fall, were only he and you alive to raiſe it.

Leo. I ſee Vanity, Madam, is a raging Vice among our Sex, and when it meets with a Diſappointment, it knaws it ſelf to Envy. [*Scornfully.*]

Oli. Yes, and Revenge too Madam, which I find is now your aim for Mr. *Longville*'s diſappointing you of my Lord *Lovemore*.

Leo. All Happineſs, Madam, is Opinion; believe he loves you, and you are happy ſtill.

Oli. No, Madam, let Opinion be your ſecurity, I will be contented with Demonſtration: Were there no other way to ſatisfie my Lord *Lovemore*'s Jealouſie, I wou'd Marry him this very Minute,

Emi.

Emi. (*to Leo*) Dear Madam, ſay all the provoking Things you can to make her purſue that Reſolution, if it be but to heighten your own Triumph!

Leo. How Madam! Marry him this very Minute? Why ſure you wou'd not raviſh him: For I can never believe he will conſent to it.

Oli. You are not the firſt Lady, Madam, that has miſtaken Good Manners for Love.

Leo. Nor he the firſt Man, Madam, that has conceal'd his love with Good manners: Look you, Madam, not that I am fond of Publiſhing my Conqueſt: But if you will give me leave I will write to him this very Minute, and you ſhall judge what Intereſt I have in him by his Anſwer.

Oli. You had as good let it alone, Madam, it's ten to one but he diſappoints you agen.

Leo. However, Madam, you will give me leave to try my Power, [*Smiling*] Some Pens and Paper there.

Oli. What are you going to do, Madam!

Leo. To write to Mr. *Longville*, Madam.

Oli. [*Pauſing.*] ——— I declare it ſhe provokes me! ——— And dare you let me ſee what you write, Madam?

Leo. Freely, Madam, if you'll give your ſelf the Trouble.

Oli. P'ſhah! ———Well! Madam! Pray give me leave to write to him too?

Leo. All the reaſon in the world, Madam.

Oli. I am amaz'd! why, Madam, will you write to him?

Leo. With your Permiſſion, Madam.

Oli. Sure I don't underſtand you! I mean to Mr. *Longville*!

Leo. Ay! ay! to Mr. *Charles Longville* this Ladies Brother, I will write to him to meet me within half an Hour, at Mrs. *Siams*, the *Indian*-Houſe here in St. *James*'s Street, and for both our ſatisfactions, do you appoint him in another Place at the very ſame time.

Enter a Servant with Pens and Paper.

Oli. So Poſitive! This to convince you Madam. [*Sits to write.*

Emi. [*to Leo.*] I don't know what your meaning may be: But I am ſure, Madam, my Brother will be oblig'd to you for his Happineſs: You'll gain him more in one minute, as her

Pretended Rival; than half an age of love cou'd purchaſe him.

Leo. [*Aſide*] Poor eaſie Fool! His Happineſs! no his Ruin, or my Wit ſhall fail me. [*Sits to Write.*]

Emi. [*to* L. *Ma.*] Methinks, Madam, this is a very odd undertaking for a couple of Ladies to draw two ſeveral Bills upon a Gentlemans Heart, and both payable at ſight: 'Tis well if he don't prove a true Banker, and make them wait his leiſure for the Payment.

L. *Ma.* O Madam! the Fund of love is never ſo low, young men have always a little running Caſh to ſupply a preſent occaſion.

Emi. Ay Madam, but one had as good be without it. It is commonly upon very hard Conditions.

L. *Ma.* I'll ſwear, Madam, there you are in the Right: For now a days a Woman can no more expect to receive a *Billet-deux* in Honourable love, than a Bill of Exchange in all Ready Money.

Emi. Ay Madam! You ſee what ill Women, and Clippers have brought us to!

L. *Ma.* Nay, Madam, don't lay the Fault upon us Poor Women: For to my knowledge 'tis the falſe men, that offer their Baſe love.

Emi. But the Women——take it, Madam.

L. *Man.* Not all of 'em, Madam, as you wou'd ſay your ſelf, if you knew what ſevere Repulſes I have given young Mr. *Rakiſh*; Nay, I can aſſure you the Old Gentleman, the *Major* too has made his Attempts: Well, Madam! If I thought you wou'd be ſecret I cou'd tell you more too.

Emi. Than I deſire to know I find! [*aſide.*] if you pleaſe, Madam, another time. Well——have you done, Ladies?

Leo. Yes, Madam! I have finiſh'd mine.

Oli. I have but two words more —— So!

Leo. Now, Madam, if you pleaſe we will read 'em.

(Leonora *Reads her Letter.*)

My Reſolution ſtill holds of meeting you in half an Hour (according to your firſt Appointment.) at Mrs. Siams, *Dear Mr.* Longville *be careful of my* Lord Lovemore, *whom you will find it hard*

hard to over-reach a ſecond time: While he is deluded nothing can diſturb the Happineſs of your

LEONORA.

Emi. Phooh! She'll never ſend this Letter.——Come my Dear, Now let's hear yours.

Olivia *Reads.*

The Town is in a very ſcandalous Story concerning your Quarrel with my Lord Lovemore: *Pray let me ſee you at my Fathers in half an Hour: For I am impatient till I know the real Truth: Fail not a Minute, as you Prize the Quiet of Your*

OLIVIA.

Emi. The Quiet of your *Olivia*! Nothing but Death I am ſure will hinder him from obeying ſo kind a Summons.

Leo. Very well! If you'll give me leave, Madam, I will Seal it for you.

Oli. O! I won't trouble you Madam.

Leo. No Trouble Madam: Pray oblige me. (Oli. *gives* Leo. *the Letter.*) Have you your Seal about you Madam! (*to* L. *Man.*)

L. *Man.* I muſt know your Deſign. [*aſide.*] Ay Child?!

[L Man. *pretends to be ſome time feeling for her Seal.*

Leo. [*ſoftly to* L. Man.] Now, Madam, do you keep them in Diſcourſe a little, while I alter one word in her Letter.

L. *Man.* Ha! What word?

Leo. Inſtead of her Fathers, I will put in Mrs. *Siams*, the very ſame Place Mr. *Longville* is to meet at.

L. *Man.* Admirable! But what will you do with your own Letter?

Leo. That I will take care by a pretended Miſtake ſhall come to my Lord *Lovemores* Hands. Ask no more Queſtions, Madam; give me the Seal quickly.

L. *Man.* O! Now I have found it!—There Child. (*Aloud.*)

[L. Man. *gives* Leo. *the Seal, and goes to the* Ladies; *while they ſeem to talk,* Leo. *alters the* Letter, *and ſeals it.*]

Leo. There's your Letter, Madam. (*to Olivia.*

Oli. Who's there?

Enter

Enter a Servant to Olivia.

Here! ſtep to *Lockets*, and give this Letter to Mr. *Longville*! If you don't find me here, bring me an anſwer to my Fathers.

(Leo. *offering to ſeal her own Letter.*)

Oli. Hold! Madam, once more for my Satisfaction, let me ſee if this be the ſame Letter you ſhow'd me?

Leo. The Conſequence wou'd have convinc'd you, Madam; but I can't blame you for believing your Eyes.

Oli. 'Tis the ſame. [*ſhe returns it to* Leo. *who ſeals it.*) Pray let me ſee you ſend it however.

Leo. Within there!

Enter a Servant to Leo.

Run with this to Mr. *Longville* at *Lockets*. (*he is going*) De'e hear!———ſtay below till farther Order. (*ſoftly.* It requires no Anſwer, make haſte agen. (*aloud.*

Oli. Emilia! are you not amaz'd? You ſee ſhe has ſent the Letter! He will not meet her ſure!

Emi. I know not what to think!

Oli. Wou'd I had never ſent him mine: I begin to fear her now.

Emi. Don't let her ſee you do, I am as impatient of the Event, as thou art.

Oli. Dear *Emilia*, go with me to my Fathers, I am in a thouſand fears, and dare not truſt my ſelf alone.

Emi. Ladies your Servant.

Leo. Your Servant, Madam.

L. *Ma.* Dear Ladies, your moſt Eſſential humble Servant.

Leo. Triffle. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Triffle.

Tri. Madam.

Leo. Look me out a Hood, and Scarf, and Mask, and bid *Sam.* come to me.

Tri. Yes Madam.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man* [*aſide.*] I am reſolv'd to Encourage her in this Deſign, becauſe it forwards my Revenge upon Mr. *Longville*, for ſlighting the Advances I made him.——Well, my Dear, while you are purſuing this Affair, I'll take care to diſpatch your Brother *Johnny*; when he is once diſpos'd of, let me alone to manage the Eſtate; the ſturdy Oaks ſhall bow their Head, I'll make 'em know their Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Servant *to* Leo.

Leo. Have you my Letter?

Ser. Yes Madam.

Leo. Go to *Lockets*, and ſend it up to my Lord *Lovemore* by a Waiter: If my Lord queſtions you about it, face him down you bid the fellow give it to Mr. *Longville*. *Exit. Ser.* I think my Project cannot fail: For by my Lords Reſentment, or *Olivias* Jealouſie, any way my Ends are anſwered: It has all the various Motions of a Clock, and Points me to the Day, the Hour, nay the very Minute of Revenge. *Exit.*

The Scene Changes to Lockets: *Lord* Lovemore, Longville, *the* Major, *his Son, and a Gentleman are Drinking at a Table.*

Ma. ODsbu'd my Lord, you are not Merry: I am ſure *Charles* is a very honeſt Fellow: But you don't look as if you were heartily reconcil'd to him: Pox o' theſe handſome young Jades, they are good for nothing but to put People out of Humour.

L. *Lov.* You miſtake me Sir, I am never Merry: And to ſatisfie you that I am not out of Humour, Pray Sir, lend me the Flask! Come, Sir, (*to Lon.*) to a right Underſtanding between us.

Lon. I thank you, my Lord: I don't like this Ceremony.

Enter

Enter a Waiter, with Olivias *Servant at the Door.*

Wait. Is Mr. *Longville* here, Gentlemen?

Lon. Ay! Who wou'd ſpeak with me?

Wait. A Footman waits at the Door, Sir.

Foot. Sir, I have a Letter for you.

Lon. Ha! From *Olivia*! [*Reads*] um!--- um!--- Let *me ſee you at Mr.* Siams *in half an Hour*--- Humh! How comes ſhe to Fancy that Place -- Um! --- Um!--- *Fail not, as you prize the Quiet of your* ——— Olivia. ——— So kind! This is Fortunate! If I can perſwade her in this Humour to make me ſome Acknowledgment before my Lord: Sure! That muſt convince him of my Innocence. (*He whiſpers the Footman, who goes out.*) Gentlemen, I muſt ask your Pardon: I have a little urgent Buſineſs fallen out! ——— And now my Lord I propoſe in leſs than an Hour, to give you the ſatisfaction I promis'd you.

L. Lov. Where ſhall I find you?

Lon. If you pleaſe, my Lord, at my own Houſe.

L. Lov. I'll not fail. [*Walks apart.*

Lon. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make the Veniſon mine. There! (*Throws down two Guineas.*)

Y. Ra. O Fye! *Charles*! Your Club is not half this, by no means.

Ma. Let's ſee! let's ſee! (*ſnatching 'em out of* Y. Ra. *Hand.*) What is't? Two Guineas! Odsheart, this is too much of all Conſcience! Why! What doſt thou mean?

Lon. Gentlemen, I brought you hither!

Ma. (*Pauſing.*) Well! --- a --- I'll pay your Club, *Charles*: Don't forget to ask me for the Overplus.

(*Puts 'em into his Pocket.*

Y. Ra. Humh! If he does Sir, you will put him in mind on't, I ſuppoſe.

Ma. Why what's that to you, Sawce! What have you to ſay to it?

Y. Ra. Nay Sir, nothing at all, not I: The Guineas are good Guineas, and in my Opinion, they are in very good Hands too.

Ma. What you have a mind to finger 'em, have you? Braſs! Humh!

Y. Ra. No Sir, I ſeldom meddle under five Hundred.

Ma. Odſo!

Ma. Odſo! that's true, my little *Jacky! Charles!* the Five Hundred Pound, you forgot that my dear Boy.

Lon. I ask your Pardon *Major*: But I have left it below: (*to a Waiter.*) Bid your Maſter ſend me up that Money I gave him.

Exit Waiter.

Y. *Ra.* Pſhah! you need not give your ſelf that trouble, *Charles*, I have no great occaſion for it now.

Ma. Humh! That's true agen, my little Jacky! But you know a Body wou'd be ſure 'tis ſafe! Humh!

The Waiter Returns, and gives the Money to Longville.

Lon. (*to the Gent.*) Dear *Ned* I muſt engage you to be Truſteé: If the *Major* won't come to compoſition, keep it till I ſee you agen: My Lord your Humble Servant, Gentlemen I am yours.

Exit.

Ma O that's well! but Prithee *Ned*, let's ſee, if it be right, my dear Boy.

(*Offering to take it from the Gent.* Y. Ra. *pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Y. Ra. Hark you Sir! I am conſidering what will be my beſt way to diſpoſe of this Money.

Ma. Humh! Diſpoſe of it didſt thou ſay! *Newgate!* Humh!

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir, for you know theſe are very good times to improve ready Money in!

Ma. Ay, and impudence too, my little *Jacky*: For now a days if a Man have but a good Brazen Face, it does not ſignifie whether he has any Money in his Pocket, or no.

Y. Ra. Why therefore, Sir, I conſider'd 'twas no great Matter how little you carried about you.

Ma. It's a good Lad! Hark you! *Jacky*! ——Was you never out of Countenance?

Y. Ra. Humh! Yes Sir, for you ſometimes, as laſt night, when you cheated me of my fifty Guineas.

Ma. That Face will get the Dog an Eſtate in time.—— Well! then thou haſt a mind to improve this Money *Jacky*?

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir, if you wou'd but put me into a way.

Ma. Why ſo, I will my little *Jacky*, I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do with it preſently, let's ſee! what is all in Gold!

(*Offering towards it* Y. Ra. *ſteps before him.*)

Y. Ra. O! you need not trouble your ſelf to look upon it, Sir, it's all Gold to my Knowledge.

Gent. Come! Faith *Major* to make an end of the Buſineſs you ſhall ev'n divide it, that is give your Son one half in hand, and (as a careful Father ought) lay up the other, till his occaſions call for it.

Ma. Ay!—That is give him all, and take the reſt to my ſelf! Why really if it were not for a little ſcandal, a Sharper is a very good Trade, I ſee.

Y. Ra. What's that you ſay, Sir? Dammee! A Sharper! I ſuppoſe you have a mind to tilt for it?

Ma. I ſhou'd make a very Poor Dog of thee *Jacky*, if it were to be decided that way: that's a good look, however. (*Aſide.*)

Y. Ra. If you think ſo, Sir, I wou'd have you try.

Ma. Say'ſt thou ſo my little *Jacky*? with all my heart:—Odsbu'd I have a trick to over-reach the Dog (*Aſide.*) Look ye *Ned*! Lay the Money fairly upon Table.—Now draw *Jacky* Scabbard, and all, my Dear Boy: For I wou'd not willingly thruſt a ſword into my own Bowells. I'll only ſhow thee what old *Jack* cou'd do upon occaſion; Judgment my Lord.

Lord Lovem. How now, *Major*, what Fencing upon a Full Stomach?

Y. Ra. Only Exchanging a Thruſt, or two, my Lord, for a little Money.

Ma. Ay! ay! For every Thruſt I receive, thou ſhalt have an Hundred Pound, *Jacky*, but if I diſarm thee not one Farthing.

Y Ra. Done! Sir,

Ma. Done! my little *Jacky*.

Gent. Well! Gentlemen are you agree'd? ſhall it be decided this way?

Y. Ra. Ay! ay! Sir, we are agreed! Come old Gentleman!

Ma. Look you my Lord! Here's my Guard! Here I ſtand! and there's my Hat, (*Throws it by.*) you are ready *Jacky*?

Y. R. Ay, Sir! come on!

Ma. And there's my Wig you Dog: [*Flings it in his face, and diſarms him.*]

Y. Ra. S'Death and Hell! Sir! you don't think I'll take this?

[*The Major draws his Sword, and ſeizes the Money.*

Ma. Tum! Tum! dum, &c. (*Sings careleſly.*)

Y. Ra.

Young Rakiſh. Dammee! Sir, I expect fair Play for the Money.

Ma. Tum! Tum! dum. (*Keeping him off with his Sword.*

Y. Ra. Judgment! Gentlemen is this Fair?

L. L. Faith *Jack* all that I can ſay to the Buſineſs is — that the Old Gentleman has been too hard for thee.

Gent. Nay you were Diſarm'd that's certain.

Ma. (*Looking his Son in the Face.*) Tum! Tum! dum! *&c.* (*Pockets the Money.*)

Y. Ra. Here! Waiter, what's to pay? (*Out of Humour.*)

Ma. A Bill here for the Gentleman! Sir, my Humble Service to you.

Y. Ra. Sir, I don't care for Drinking.

Enter a Waiter, with a Bill, and a Letter.

Wait. Here's a Letter for your Lordſhip.

L. *Lov.* Who brought it?

Wait. A Footman below, my Lord.

L. *Lov.* Bid him ſtay. ——— (*Exit* L. *Lov.*)

Ma. Here you, ſtay and take your Reckoning, whoſe Money's this?

Gent. It's my Lord *Lovemore*'s, Sir, and there's mine

Ma. Why how now *Jacky?* What Melancholy! I find thou art a true *Engliſhman*, always dull at the Payment of a Reckoning. —— Well! Hang-dog in conſideration of ſome late Misfortunes, I don't much care if I Treat thee to Day.—There.—— (*Exit Waiter.*)

Tum! Tum! dum! (*Going away Singing.*)

Y. Rak. So! I find he is reſolv'd to carry off the Money! S'Death, I'll try if I can bully him into Compoſition: —— Hark you, Sir, if you are not in extraordinary haſte, may I beg the Favour to know whither you are a going?

Ma. Why do'ſt thou ask my Dear Smock-face?

Y. Ra. Becauſe, Sir, I have ſome Reaſon to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove*'s, and let me tell you, Sir, it won't be convenient: For I am going thither. (*Surlily.*)

Ma. (*Pauſing.*) Haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay to me? Braſs! Humh!

Y. Ra. If you do go, Sir, Perhaps you may repent it: For in Plain Terms——I ſhall not care to ſee you there.

Ma. Very Good!

Y. Ra. You will diſturb us, Sir.——

Ma. Diſturb you! Humh!

Y. Ra. Then I ſhall grow angry, Sir.——

Ma. Shalt thou!

Y. Ra. I hear, Sir, you make Pretences there.——

Ma. Do'ſt thou!

Y. Ra. And I adviſe you as a Friend to give 'em o're.

Ma. (*Pauſing.*) Say no more, my little *Jacky*. (*Going.*)

Y. Ra. Sir, I have a great deal more to ſay. (*Stays him.*)

Ma. Say it.

Y. Ra. Why then, Sir, I won't bear a Rival in my Love.

Ma. Is this all? is this all? You dear Bluſhing Rogue you? (*Pinching his Cheek.*)

Y. Ra. In ſhort, Sir, I find your Good Nature, and my Fortune are ſo very low, that I am reſolv'd to Marry her.

Ma. To Marry her? very Good!—Now, but upon condition I will give thee back this five Hundred Pound, Thou wilt renounce all claim to her, is not it ſo my little *Jacky*? Come! ſpeak, you dear Rogue.

Y. Ra. Why look you, Sir, in conſideration, that you are my Father,——and a Gentleman, that I have a Kindneſs for, make it a Thouſand Pound, and I'll have no more to ſay to her.

Ma. A Thouſand Pound, my little *Jacky*?——Wilt thou 'bate me nothing?

Y. Ra. I am always at a Word, Sir.

Ma. At a word, my little *Jackey*! Nay, then, for a quiet Life d'ee ſee, I will give thee——I will give thee——let me ſee! What ſhall I give thee?——I'll give thee! I will give thee—(*Pauſes.*) The Devil a groat, my little *Jackey*.

(*Exit Ma. & Gent.*

Y. Ra. So! Now may I go hang my ſelf:—'S Death! is there no way to be reveng'd of this old Fellow?—Ha!—Igad my Lady *Manlove* has given me Incouragement! Her Joynture's worth two Thouſand Pound a Year, beſide the Guardianſhip of her Son. Let me ſee! Here's Revenge, a good Eſtate, Marriage, and an old Woman all together in one Diſh: Now to conſult my Stomack a little! Revenge is a pretty hollow

Bit,

Bit, that's the Truth on't, and two Thouſand Pound a Year is well enough for a young Fellow to piddle upon: But then agen, Marriage is Hell, and an old Woman the Devil. —— Humh! Igad, and ſo is any Woman after a Months Poſſeſſion. Pox on't, I'll ev'n humour my good Fortune, and purſue her; and ſo dear Daddy look to your Hits: Old! why ſo much the better! wou'd ſhe were Fourſcore! For Igad upon ſecond Thoughts, when a Man is to be noos'd, who the Devil wou'd complain to be ty'd up in a rotten Halter. *Exit.*

Re-enter Lord Lovemore *with the Letter open.*

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! Is this the Proof he gives me of his Innocence? But I'll not leave a Thought unſatisfied. Here! Waiter.

Enter a Waiter.

Where's the Fellow, that brought this Letter?

Wait. He is here, my Lord.

Enter Leonora's *Servant.*

L. Lov. Come hither Friend, to whom had you Orders to give this Letter?

Ser. What Letter, my Lord!

L. Lov. Why this Letter from your Lady.

Ser. O dear, I brought a Letter to Mr. *Longville*, I hope your Lordſhip has not open'd it.

L. *Lov.* This Fellow told me, 'twas for me.

Ser. O Lord I am undone! As I hope to be ſav'd, my Lord, I only ask'd if your Lordſhip was here: Becauſe my Lady charg'd me not to give it Mr. *Longville* before your Lordſhip: Why did not I bid you give the Letter to Mr. *Longville*?

(to the Waiter.

Wait. I beg your Pardon, my Lord, I underſtood him your Lordſhip.

Ser. O dear! I ſhall be turn'd away! Pray, my Lord let me have the Letter again, I'll try to ſeal it! O! I am ruin'd, what ſhall I do?

L. *Lov.* Fear not, I will take care of thee, it requires no Anſwer.

ſwer. *Exeunt.* Ha! There's yet another Proof behind, ſhe tells him here ſhe will meet him at Mrs. *Siams*, according to his firſt Appointment. There will I wait for him: If he keeps his word!——If! Why do I doubt it? Does not every Circumſtance convince me that he will? O there is no ſecurity in Man! Here might the World expect that I ſhou'd curſe my Stars, and raging vow Revenge: But I (ſo ſoft is my relenting Nature) cou'd weep to ſee how Men can damn themſelves: But what's impoſſible to Womans Eyes? Had he not lov'd, he might have ſtill been Honeſt: For he has given me Proof, in Danger and Diſtreſs, both of his Courage and Fidelity: But now with one infectious Glance of a reſiſtleſs Woman, his tainted Soul breaks out in an ungrateful Villain, and a Coward.

Men may a thouſand ways their Virtue prove,
Yet ſtill be counterfeit, when touch'd with Love.

(Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT. IV.

The Scene, Lady Manloves *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Manlove, *and Father* Benedic.

F. Ben. MAdam vat you tellà me abote your Son, is one ver' glorieuſe Action: You ſall 'avè your Revard in the toder Varle: For vidout doubte de beſt vay to diſpoſe of your ſhile is to pote 'im in de vay to Heav'n.

L. Man. Why truly Father, I always had Inclination to the Church: But you muſt know Sir, I found my Son *Johnny* had naturally a quick Wit, therefore I knew a good Education wou'd ſpoil my Deſign: Now Sir, that nothing might be wanting on my ſide, I have taken care to breed him at a private Country School; and notwithſtanding the natural dulneſs of his Maſter, I gave him a particular Charge to keep him in Ignorance: For I all along deſign'd him for a Churchman.

F. Ben. O! Dat is vel, Madam! Ma foy! Sometime d' Ignorance in de Prieſtè is ver neceſſarie to ſupport de Cauſe of de Shurſh: Vor ven de Paiſant ſee dat de Preiſtè doe himſelof b'leive All de Myſterie of de Religion, den de Paiſant vil b'leivà too. Botè ven de Prieſt be Viſe Man, neider de Prieſte nor de Paiſant beleiva noting at all.

L. *Man.* Indeed, Father, 'tis a great Misfortune to the Church, that the wicked Layity can't be confin'd from believing according to their erroneous Reaſon.

F. Ben. O! you ſay ver vel, Madam! Ma foy it vu'd be moch great deal better for de Shurſh, if dey hade no Raiſon at all! Vell! but Madame vere is your Sone?

L. Man. He is making himſelf ready for his Journey: Pray Sir, let me beg of you to uſe your utmoſt Authority: For you'll find him a ſtubborn Creature, and very hard to be kept under.

F. Ben.

F. Ben. Me warr', Madame! lette me alone, lette me alone.

L. Man. Really Sir I am almoſt aſham'd to give you all this Trouble! Pray accept of theſe fifty Pieces, as an Earneſt of my Acknowledgments.

F. Ben. Ah! Fi! Madame, de Shurch no take de Money.

L. *Man.* Nay, dear Sir, I won't be refus'd.

F. Ben. Umh! Vell! Madame, if you pleaſe mee vill byy your Sonè ſome Booka (*takes the Purſe.*) Vere is he, Madamè, vere is he?

L. *Man.* Putting on his Boots below Sir: The young Rogue is ſo fond of being on Horſeback, that nothing will ſerve him but riding Poſt to *Harwich.*

F. Ben. Dat is vell, Madame, me vill goe putte on my Booka too.

L. Man. Dear Sir, I am afraid, that riding ſo hard will Diſcompoſe you.

F. Ben. O! Madame! Note at all! Ven de Prieſte doe undertake to Promote de Cauſe of de Shurſh, he always goe vip, and ſpurr, vip, and Spurr, like de Diable. ——— Adieu Madam. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Maſs Johnny *ready dreſs'd for his Journey, and* Lettice *following him in Tears.*

Maſs Johnny, What doeſt thee dangle after me for?

Lett. Well Squire, I knew the Time, when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: But I find now you never lov'd me. (*Cryes.*

M. J. It's a Lye! ——— I did love you, ſo I did!— and ſo I do ſtill.

Lett. And can you have the Heart to leave me then?

M. J. Remember the back Cloſet up two pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman ——— Yaah! you cou'd ſquall lowder then, when I did but offer to ſee, whether you Garter'd above Knee, or no.

Lett. Why I don't Garter above Knee, you may feel here then? (*ſobbing.*

M. J. What do I care? I won't feel there, I'll feel which way I pleaſe, or I won't ſtay.

Lett.

Lett. No Squire! You are miſtaken in me, I am not ſuch a one neither, I'll die before I'll be your Whore.

M. J. And I will be Hang'd, before I will be your Fool.---- Why *Dick!* why doeſt not get the Horſes ready?

Lett. You ſhall not leave me then.---(*She hangs upon his Arm.* If you will ſtay, I will be kinder to you: Do but try me, till to morrow: I won't cry out no more, indeed now: You ſhall tye my Garter, where you pleaſe, if you won't go.

M. J. Will you let's Buſs you then? (*Surlily.*)

Lett. Yes! in a civil way. (*Kiſſes her.*)

M. J. Well! But will you Promiſe to love me now? and be free with a Body?

Lett. I'll love you, as long as I live, if you won't leave me. (*crys.*)

M. J. Well! well! what do you whawle for?

Lett. I am ſure 'twu'd break my heart to part with you! Pray, dear Squire don't go!

M. J. What d'ye keep ſuch a Baaling for? I tell you, I won't go.—— Let's Buſs you agen.

Lady Manlove *ſeeing them, ſtops at the Door.*

L. *Man.* What's here? my young Rogue, and that Impudent Quean in cloſe Conference?—— I'll obſerve 'em.

M. J. But will you promiſe to Marry me to Day, if I won't go?

L. *Ma.* So! (*Aſide.*)

Lett. Marry you! ay! Poor Fool! You may be ſure on't. (*Aſide.*) But won't you forſake me then, and uſe me ill?

M. J. I tell you, I won't uſe you ill, you Fool you.

L. *Ma.* O! I han't Patience, the Rogue's juſt Ruining my Deſign!——Why, how now, Sirrah! what are you doing there?---and you Mrs. *Flirt!* I'll teach you to Debauch my Son! I will you Stinking Jade you.

M. J. What d'ee ſtrike her far, Mother? what d'ee ſtrike her far? You ſhan't ſtrike her no more. [*Interpoſing.*

L. *Ma.* How! Sirrah! ſhall not ſtrike her? you Sawcy Rogue! I will fell you to the Ground.

M. J. Wu'll yee?----I'll try that----[*He holds her Hands.*] Now ſtrike me to the Ground? Can't you? let's ſee you ſtrike me now? [*They ſtruggle.*]

Lett [*Aſide.*] What an Unfortunate Diſcovery was this? to be caught juſt as we had agreed upon Articles: But however I don't fear him, for I know he will Marry me now, if it be only to contradict his Mother ——— Dear Squire don't anger my Lady ſo! Pray, Sir, let go.

M. J. Why, if ſhe will be quiet, with all my Heart, I don't meddle with her. [*Lets go his hold*]

L. *Ma.* O! O! the Rogue has ſprain'd my Arms, I ſhall not be able to ſtir 'em this Twelve Month.

Lett. I am glad to hear that; Then I ſhall have a Ceſſation of Double-Fiſts this Twelve-*Month*.

M. J. Look you, Mother, I am ſorry for't, I did not deſign you no harm, not I: But why ſhou'd you offer to ſtrike the Poor Girl ſo?

L. *M.* Sirrah, what's that to you, how dare you juſtifie her?

M. J. Why may be I have a Kindneſs for her, what then! and look ye, Mother, to tell you the Truth, indeed I do think you ought to be acquainted with the Buſineſs, you muſt know I——I deſign to marry her.

L. *M.* And dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah?

M. J: Why how ſhou'd I tell it you behind your Back:

L. *M:* Sirrah! How dare you think of ſuch a Thing? You Jackanapes!

M. J. Don't 'ee caal me Names, Mother, Don't 'ee caal me Names: But if I do think on't how can I help it? And Pray why ſhou'd not I think on't as well, as you? I ſuppoſe you thought of a Husband, and why ſhou'd not I think of a Wife? You have had your ſwinge already! Ico'd my Vather was noa Flincher, was not I born of your Body pray, and why ſhou'd not I get ſome Body upon ſome Body elſe's Body?

L. *M.* Was ever heard ſuch Impudence! Sirrah! I ſhall turn over a new leaf with you: Your Governour ſhall know, what a wicked Rogue you are! I'll make him fley your Back-ſide for you!

M. J. I don't believe you will! Ico'd, an' he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him upon his Back: He fley my Back-ſide! He! Kiſs—won't he?

L. *M.* So Sir! this is very fine Language!

M. J. *Lettice*, do you ſlip away into my Chamber, and I will come to you preſently—*Exit Lettice.*

Enter

Enter Father Benedic *Booted*, &c.

L. *M.* O Father! I am glad you are come, your Pupill here, my Son *Johnny*, has been making Love to one of my Impudent Maids, tells me to my Face, he will marry her, he won't go his Journey not he!

F. Ben. Lettá me alone; lettá me alone; Come, come, Madam, 'is bettre to give him de good vard: ——How you do, Young Gentleman; 'ow you do? me ſall be ver' Glade to 'ave de care of you.

M. J. Ay, and you had beſt have a care of me.

F. Ben. You no feara dat; Dat is ver' vell: Now you be one good ſhile. (*Pats him on the Head.*)

M. J. What d'yee Tap me oth' Head for. (*Surlily.*)

F. Ben. O! mee loſe you, Maitre *Jeanny*, mee loſe you. (*Chucks his Chin.*

M. J. Let my Chin alone wu'll yee? (*Strikes away his Hand.*

F. Ben. Vat you mean! ſtrikea mee! Vat you mean? mee ſall 'ave de Vip for you.

M. J. Who's that you will have the Whip for? You Loggerhead you? Who will you have the Whip for, ha! (*Doubling his Fiſt.*

F. Ben. Loggerhate! Jernie Bleu! Vat is dat Loggerhate?

M. J. You may go look! it's ſuch a Fool as you are.

F. Ben. De Fool! a ha! me onderſtanda dat ver' vell! you callá mee de Fool! Humh!

M. J. Why don't you hear I do Dunderpate?

F. Ben. Dunderpate! Je vous Prie, Madame, vat is dat Dunderpate?

L. *Ma.* O! a very Scurrilous Name, Sir, won't you break his Head for't?

F. Ben. O! lettá me alone, Madam: Ecoutes, Maitre Jeanny: Vat vill you ſay, if vor de Loggerhate, vor de Fool, and vor de Dunderpate, me ſall give you, one, two, tree ſlap of d' Shops. Maitre *Jeanny*, Humh?

M. J. Why I ſay if you give me ſuch another word, I may chance to wipe you craſs the Jaws?

F. Ben. Ver' vell! vere is de Reverance you 'ave vor my Perſonne?

M. J. O Lord Sir! I do Sir-reverence your Perſon.

F. Ben. Allons, dono askà me de Pardonne, askà me de Pardonne.

M. J. Ask your Pardon for what? for what? Can you tell you Owle you? Ask your Pardon— Here give the poor Boy his Hat!——There! Now I ask your Pardon ——

[*He ſtrikes off his Hat, and Periwig, and*
[*diſcovers the Circle upon the Prieſts Head.*

M. J. (*ſtaring upon him*) A hey! What a dickens have we got here?

F. Ben Ah! Que Grande Malheure! vat ſall me doe? Il à Decouver in a Couronne.

L. Man. Undone! Ruin'd! I ſhall never get the Rogue to go now.

M. *J.* (*to F. B.*) Pray Sir, What Trade are you?

L. *Man.* He is no Trade Sirrah: But a Civil ſober Gentleman, that I have prevail'd with to be your Governour.

M. J. He my Governour! What to make a Papiſh of me? Look you Mother, as for Religion d'ye ſee? Truly —— I can't well ſay what I am of: But Ico'd this I know, that I won't be a Papiſh; It's a hard Caſe, if a Man muſt go to the Devil, he ſhan't take out his Sins in what ſort of Wickedneſs he pleaſes: For my part I'll e'en go the way of the Fleſh, I am reſolv'd the Spirit ſhall not carry me, Ico'd I won't be Prieſt-ridden thither: Not but I believe this ſame Gentleman knows the Road as well as a *Dover* Poſt-horſe: But I am not ſo hot upon that Journey, and ſo I will pull off my Boots, d'ee ſee.---Tall! lall! lall! (*He ſits down to pull off his Boots, and ſings.*)

L. *Man.* You impudent young Raſcal! How dare you offer to pull off your Cloaths? Sirrah! I'll have your Bones broken, I'll make you change your Tune.

M. J. No! you ſhan't! Tall, lall, lall!

L. *Man.* You ſawcy Rogue! do you laugh in my Face! I'll whip your Eyes out. (*She offers to take* F. Benedics *Whip.*

F. Ben. No trouble your ſelf, Madame! letta me alone! —— (*to* M. J.) Allons! pote on your Boote, Maitre Jeanny!

M. J. (*looking in his Face.*) Tall, lall, lall!

F. Ben. Vat is dat ta, la, la, la! Me ſay pote on your Boote!
(*Smacks his Whip.*

M. J.

M. J. Ay, it's no matter for that, I won't change my Tune! Tall, lall, lall.

L. Man. Hold Father, don't be too ſevere: I find there is no Dealing with him; we muſt even try what fair Words will do.

F. Ben. Ma Foy! Madam-- me beleiva dat is de beſt vay.

L. *Man.* Johnny! My dear *Johnny* don't be ſo wilful! Prithee mind what I ſay to thee.

M. J. Why ay, Mother, now your Note's alter'd d'ye ſee, I don't care if I do change my Tune.

L. Man. Now thou art a dear Child! Come, that's my good Boy, prithee put on thy Boots agen; ſee! Here's Mony for thee: Thou ſhalt have every thing thou canſt ask for.

M. J. (*aſide.*) Say you ſo: Ico'd then I'll ſerve you a rare Trick: That Money will buy *Lettice* a pure Topping to her Wedding Cloaths. Why look you Mother! Becauſe you give me good words now, if you'll give me that Purſe, d'ye ſee! and make Vather Baald Pate walk down ſtairs, I will put 'em on agen.

L. Man. But will you promiſe me to go your Journey too?

M. J. Pooh! I will, I tell you.——Why don't he go?

(*He ſits upon the Floor to put on his Boots.*)

L. Man. Dear Father, don't let us croſs him in this good Humour: Pray be gone.

F. Ben. Vid all mine 'art, Madame, Maitre Jeanney me be your ver' humble Servant. (*exit.*)

L. Man. Why doſt thou ſit upon the Floor *Johnny*?

M. J. Pooh! What does it ſignifie?——Where's the Purſe, Mother?

L. Man. That's a good Child: Put on the t'other Boot, and thou ſhalt have it.

M. J. Pſhah!——Why there 'tis!——You ſee what 'tis to be Civil to a Body.—So! Now give's the Money.

(*While ſhe talks to him, he ſteals a Gimlet out of his Pocket, and faſtens her Gown to the Floor.*

L. Man. Well, but will you promiſe to get on Horſeback, as ſoon as you have it?

M. J. What d'ye think I wou'd tell you a Lye, Mother, and look you in the Face o' this Manner?

L. Man. That's my dear Boy, there 'tis to do what thou wilt with.

M. J.

M. J. (*Riſes and pulls off his Boots agen.*) Tall, lall, lall!

L. Man. How now! What does the Fool mean?

M. J. No Fool, no Fool Mother.

L. Man. You wicked Villain, I'll ——— (*Offering towards him, ſhe is held by her Gown.*) Ha! What's here! Hark you Sirrah! Rogue! What's the meaning of this?

M. J. Why, that's becauſe you ſhou'd not follow me! Look you, Mother, always tye a mad Bull to a Stake! tall, lall!-- and there's my Tune agen for you now. Tall, lall, lall!

(*Exit ſinging.*

L. Man. Was ever Woman plagu'd with ſuch a ſtubborn Raſcal? What ſhall I do-- (*endeavouring to free her ſelf.*) O! how the Rogue has ramm'd it in?--Who's within there? If I live I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdeſt Fellow about Town, nay the moſt notorious Rogue of a Lawyer, but I'll keep his Eſtate from him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Major *Rakiſh*, Madam, and his Son deſire to ſpeak with you.

L. *Ma.* They cou'd not take me in a Better Time, neither of 'em ſhall want Encouragement; Here, Prithee undo this.

Serv. O Dear, Madam, this is Maſter *Johnny*'s Gimlet, I am ſure, it is the very ſame, that he tackt Mrs. *Triffle*, and Parſon *Waggiſh* together with.

L. *M.* Where is the Rogue? did you ſee him?

Serv. Yes, Madam, he juſt now put Mrs. *Lettice* into an Hackney-Coach.

L. *Ma.* And did he go with her?

Serv. No, Madam, he is ſome-where about the Houſe.

L. *Ma.* If he offers to go out, be ſure you Dog him, and bring word immediately.———Go, bid the Gentlemen walk up.

Serv. They are here, *Madam.* [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter the Major, *and* Young Rakiſh.

Maj. Madam, your moſt Humble Servant: Odsbu'd! It is a Month ſince I kiſs'd your Ladiſhips Hands. (*Offering towards her* Y. Ra. *ſteps before him.*)

Y. Ra. It's an Age, Madam, ſince I did; therefore, as a long abſent lover, ought to do it firſt. (*Catches her Hand.*)

L. *M.* O Dear, Sir, I'll ſwear you Hurt me.

Y. Ra. Can there be harm in ſuch a Tender Graſp of Love? Madam, your Raging Charms bound like a Rowling Deluge o're my Soul, and choak me with Exceſs of Paſſion! Ah! the very Pangs of Death are on me, I beat and ſtruggle like a Drowning wretch for life, and theſe my laſt Convulſions.

Maj. Uumh! (*Aſide.*)

L. *Ma.* (*Aſide.*) Well, I really believe I might have ſatisfaction enough in ſuch an Husband, without conſidering the Pleaſure of Revenge.

Y. Ra. (*to Maj.*) Will you make it a Thouſand Pound, Sir?

Maj. 'Oones you Dog, I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders. (*Apart to* Y. Rakiſh.)

Y. Ra. (*Turning quick to* L. *Ma.*) O take me to that Healing Boſom, wrap me in the warm folds of Love, feed me with the Balmy Sweets, that flouriſh there, give me new life, and nurſe me to an Infant Dotage.

L. *Ma.* (*Aſide.*) O! I ſhall Faint, I am not able to contain my ſelf!

Maj. [*Softly to* Y. Rak.] *Jacky*, Thou ſhalt have an Hundred Guineas, Prithee, let her alone, my Dear Boy.

Y. Ra. [*Starting back he joſtles the* Maj.] Where am I? Sure 'tis Elyſium! For Mortal Fleſh, cou'd never feed ſo high, I ſurfeit with Delight: my Soul's all over Bliſs: my Raviſht Senſes ake with Pleaſure, and I grow faint with Gazing.

[*Throws himſelf on her Boſom.*]

L. *Ma.* O I die: I die: [*Aſide.*]

Maj. Jacky, my Dear *Jacky*, thou ſhalt have five Hundred Pound.

Y. Ra. Thus let us ever live; thus bleſt with one Perpetual Round of Circling Pleaſure, ſtill Fainting with Exceſs of Love, and waking ſtill to new Reviving Joys.

Maj. 'Ounds, how the Rogue has diſſolv'd her?

Y. Ra. You ſee, Sir, what Poſture my Affairs are in: Nothing but a Thouſand Pound can forbid the Banes.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo my little *Jacky*? [*Steps between 'em, and Draws.*] Then there lies your way, down Stairs Dog: go, get you gone, Sirrah.

L. *Ma.*

L. *Ma.* Ah, for Heav'ns ſake, what do you mean?

[*Holds the* Major.]

Y. *Ra.* O don't be frighted, Madam, I'll tell you the Buſineſs—You muſt know, Madam, there is a Young Lady here in the *Pallmall*, of a Prodigious Fortune, whom it ſeems my Father here, poſitively deſigns I ſhall marry, or he will diſinherit me; and ſo let him, Madam, if he pleaſes, for my part, I confeſs my Soul, and Blood, Madam, are intirely Devoted to your Ladiſhip; and if I were to die upon the ſpot, Madam, I ſolemnly declare, Madam, I wou'd not renounce one tittle of that Eternal Paſſion I have avow'd for your Ladiſhip's moſt indelible Perfections. [*Bowes, and Ogles her.*]

Maj. Umh! [*Aſtoniſht.*]

L. *Ma.* O Fye! Sir, This is moſt inhumane to force your only Son to marry one he can't love: Come, Sir, for my ſake ſpare him: Pray put up your Sword.

Maj. Well, Madam, for your ſake d'ee ſee I---I will ſheath my Indignation: But by the Pleaſure of Drinking all this is a more Notorious lye than ever came out of the mouth of an *Iriſh* Evidence:-----But now, Madam, to the Buſineſs I came for: Look you, Madam, if you and I make a match, d'yee ſee; you muſt expect every ten Months for the firſt ſeven years Twins, Madam,-----I always get Twins-----That whelp's a Twin, Madam, and the Product of my Juvenile Recreations.

[Young Rakiſh *all this while makes Love in dumb ſhew behind the* Major's *Back.*]

L. *M.* Let me die! But this is Irreſiſtibly Perſuaſive.

Maj. I am very Proud, Madam, your Ladiſhip likes what I ſay to you.

L. *Ma.* Well, I ſwear, Sir, you have ſuch a way——— and ſuch a Son.

Maj. Madam, I have a Thouſand Pound a year clear Eſtate; no Children in the world but this Boy here, I ſhall drink him dead in a Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my death the Thouſand Pound a year's your own for ever: How ſay you, Madam, do you like of it?

L. *Ma.*

L. *Ma.* Ay, Sir, But now let me hear your Sons Propoſals.

Maj. Pſhah! a Beggar! a Poor Dog, Madam.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, 'tis true, I have not one Groat in the World, have no hopes of any thing: For the very moment that I marry you, I am ſure to be diſinherited: Madam, as a Friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd ſooner die, than cheat you with a Pretended Fortune. [*Kneels.*] But if the Raging Violence of an Humble Paſſion have any Merit in the Eyes of Virtue, then ſtrow your Pity here, and raiſe me with a kind Reviving Hope.

Maj. What a Tongue the Dog has? (*Aſide.*)

L. *Ma.* O Dear, Sir, Pray riſe.

Maj. Pſhah, Madam, words; words! meer air; Odsbu'd, I have an Argument in my Pocket, that uſes to convince a Woman ſooner than all the Poetical Raptures in Chriſtendom. Look you, Madam, the only certain Proof of a Lovers Paſſion is, when he parts with his Money: [*Takes out a Purſe.*] Therefore, as an Earneſt of my Affection, give me leave to lay this five hundred Pound at your Feet.

Y. *Ra.* Which when you marry, Sir, you know, will be your own agen.

Maj. Hold your Peace, Sirrah: There, Madam, diſpoſe of it at you pleaſe. [*Gives it into her Hand.*]

L. *Ma.* O Dear, *Major*, this is an Extravagant Piece of Gallantry!—Jeſu! How heavy it is——Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to hold it for me: (*Gives it* Yo Ra.

Y. *Ra.* (*Leering upon the* Major.)——Tum! Tum! Dum! (*Sings, and walks about.*)

Ma. I muſt murther the Dog! I muſt murther him. (*aſide.*) Oones! Madam! I cou'd have held it for you.

Y. *Ra.* (*Aſide.*) But not ſo faſt, as I ſhall.---Tum! Tum! Dum!

Ma. I was in hopes, Madam, you wou'd have made a Better uſe of the Money!

L. *Ma.* O Dear, Sir, can I expreſs my Concern for you, a better way, than by being kind to your Children.

Ma. Ay, Madam, but not to my Rival.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! Igad a good thought comes into my Head: look you, Sir, if you'l give me leave to ſpeak a word or two in private with this Lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her diſpoſing of this Money ſhe has had no other Conſideration than your Intereſt.

L. *Ma.* What can he mean? [*Aſide.*]

Ma. Why this might be done *Jacky*, if I cou'd but perſuade my ſelf to truſt thee.

Y. *Ra.* Why, Sir, you ſhall not truſt me out of your ſight.

Ma. Humh! ſay'ſt thou ſo, my little *Jacky?* Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, if you pleaſe - (*Takes her to one ſide o'th' Stage.*

Enter Maſs Johnny *Behind.*

M. *Jo.* So! *Lettice* is ſafe enough now, and I co'd let 'um lock me up an' they can.---Hey day! who have we here?---I find my Mother has a Colt's Tooth left yet, I warrant theſe are a couple of Suitors now!---Ico'd, I will put in with 'um---Sir, your Servant: [*To the Major.*] What don't 'ee know me?

Ma. Know thee? Prithee who art thou?

M. *Jo.* Who bee I---why I bee----I bee-----I co'd I don't know what to tell him, not I---why I be Mother's Zon, don't 'ee zee what I bee.

Ma. Ay my Dear Lad, I ſee very plainly what thou art: But want to know who thou art? Who is thy Father, Child?

M. *Jo.* Who?-----I have ne're a Vather at all.---But I believe I ſhall have ſhortly: For I ſee my Mother there is providing for herſelf.

Ma. How! thy Mother? What! is thy Name *Johnny?*

M. *Jo.* May be it is ——— What then.

Ma. Why then very ſhortly thou wilt be my Son-in-Law.

M *Jo.* May be not——— That's as I ſhall like you, may be.

Ma. Odsbu'd, you young Rogue, I'll Buſs you into Good Humour. [*The* Major *offers to Kiſs him, and he ſtruggles.*]

M *Jo.* Let me alone, be quiet, wa'll yee? You ſha'nt Buſs me. [*Kiſſes him.*] Ptah----[*Spits.*]---What a Plague do you Slaver one ſo for? You my Vather in Law? Yes, ſo you ſhall; Ico'd I'll do your Buſineſs.

L. *Ma.* [*To* Y. *Ra.*] Why really, Sir, if this be true, I muſt needs own he is a very Barbarous man to uſe his only Son at this Rate: If you think I can ſerve you by Farthering this Innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me.

M. *Jo.* Hark you, Mother.

L. *Ma.* O you wicked Rogue, are you there?

L. *Ma.*

M. J. Lord, don't 'ee be angry, Mother, I come to talk with you about Buſineſs.

Y. *Ra.* O pray, Madam, give the Young Gentleman leave to ſpeak however.

M. *Jo.* A good ſort of a Civil Gentleman; I may chance to do him a Kindneſs for this, I'll aſſure you, Sir, I will, if I can. I am Good Natur'd enough, when People are Civil to me.

L. *Ma.* Well, what have you to ſay, Sirrah?

M. *Jo.* Say,---why I underſtand that this Old Soldier here, is a Sutor to you, and to tell you the Truth, I don't like him: He is a ſtrange Hurly-Burly ſort of a man, he has Buſs'd and Slaver'd me here, whether I wou'd or no, and has Prickled my Face, till my Eyes are all of a water.

L. *Ma.* You Sawcy Rogue is this your Buſineſs? Know then Sirrah, that this Gentleman ſhall be your Father-in-Law, if he pleaſes: Come, Sir, if you dare truſt your ſelf alone with me, I have ſomething to propoſe to you from your Son, that very nearly concerns the Happineſs of us both!

Maj. Odsbu'd! Madam, you over-joy me! But has that Dear Dog put in a word for me at laſt then? has he? *Jacky*! Thou Dear Son of an Happy Dog of a Father: Buſs me you Whelp, you Dear Baſtard! Buſs me—Od! I will remember thee for this my little *Jacky*! Odsbu'd I will!

(*Exit with L.* Man.)

Y. Ra. I ſhall give you cauſe I believe.

M. *Jo.* Lord! Sir! How can you let him Slaver you ſo! Don't it make your Noſe tingle! Odsfiſh! he is gone away with my Mother too!—Shall I fetch her Back agen, Sir? Ico'd, an' you ſay the word I'll do't.

Y. Ra. No! No Squire let him alone, he will be little the better for't.——A good ſort of an impudent Face this Young Dog has, he may be uſeful, I'll ſtrike in with him. (*Aſide.*)

M. *Jo.* Pray, Sir, been't you a Suitor to my Mother?

Y. Ra. Ay Squire! What do you think of me for a Father-in-Law?

M. *J.* Ico'd I like you very well! Better by half than that Old Soldier. What a Duce do you let him take her aſide ſo for?

Y. Ra. O! 't's a Deſign I have in my Head, Squire.

M. Jo. Ay Sr; But do you know what Deſign ſhe may have in her Head? look you, Sir, I mean you well, I wu'd not have

you truſt her too far neither, Ico'd you don't know her, Sir, you don't know her.

T. Ra. Well! Squire, I am oblig'd to you for your Good meaning, and in return will acquaint you with my Deſign upon that Old Soldier.

M. Jo. Aye!

T. Ra. You muſt know then.——

M. Jo. But hark you, Sir; Pray by the way who is that Old Soldier?

T. Ra. Only my Father, Sir.

M. Jo. Hoh! hoh! Ico'd then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. Well Sir, but pray go on.

T. Ra. About an hour hence, Squire, I ſhall privately marry your Mother, who in the mean time, by my Allowance is to flatter the Old Gentleman with the ſame Hopes, and (to revenge a ſevere Quarrel I have to him) is to appoint him a meeting (juſt when our Marriage is over) at a Friends Houſe of mine, where I ſhall have a Publick Opportunity to laugh at his Diſappointment, and invite him to my Wedding Supper.

M. Jo. Ico'd, that's well enough! O Dear Sir, ſhall not I beg the Favour of you to get the Parſon to do me a ſmall Job too? Od! I have a Tight young Girl here hard by, that I have a main mind to be married to!——Sir——won't you ſpeak a word to him to tack us together a little?

T. Ra. How Squire! to tack you together! whom have you advis'd with in this Buſineſs? Who is it, you have a mind to marry? are you ſure ſhe is fit for a Wife?

M. J. I don't know Sir, but I am ſure ſhe is fit for an Husband.

T. Ra. Ha! Igad! there can be no harm in tying the Young Rogue of a Slipknot! This was a lucky Diſcovery, ſomething may be made on't. (*Aſid*) Well! Squire, I'll do all I can to ſerve you.

M. Jo. O Dear Sir! I am mainly oblig'd to you.

T. Ra. Nay, I won't only lend you my Parſon, but my Money too: Nay, my very Cloths; Igad I will make a Gentleman of you.

M. Jo. Wu'll, ye Sir? O law! (*Overjoy'd.*) Ico'd then my Mother ſhall make a Fool of me no longer——Sir, as I hope to be to be married, I had rather call you Vather, than any man in Curſendome.

T. Ra. P'ſha! Pox! I'll be a Brother to the man: (*Hugs him.*) Prithee call me honeſt *Jack*, we'll Smoak and Whore, and Roar, and take a Bottle together.

M. J.

M. J. Is your Name *Jahn*? why my Name's *Jahn* too! Odszooks! that's brave, honeſt *Jahn*! How is't Boy?-Dammee. *(ſtruts.*

T. Ra. Why that's well ſaid, Boy! Igad! thou ſwear'ſt like a Gentleman already.———Come, my little Rake! Now let's take one cheering Flask before the Parſon does his Buſineſs; then get Drunk, break Windows, mawle the Watch, and Bed our new married Wives in the *Round-houſe*.

M. J. Ho! Boys! God a marcy Brother-Father-in-Law. *Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia, Emilia, *and* Leonora. Triffle *putting on her Hood and Scarf.*

Oli. There you miſtake me Madam, 'tis my Amazement, not my Jealouſie, that brought me hither: I own I do wonder why Mr. *Longville* ſhou'd diſappoint me: But never can ſuſpect his Honour. Speak to her *Emilia*, for I want Temper to conceal my Fears. (*aſide to* Emi.)

Leo. Call a Chair there. (*to a Servant.*)

Emi. Then you will go Madam?

Leo. I am preparing for it, Madam.

Em. One ſerious Queſtion more, and I have done, Madam: Do you really expect to meet my Brother at Mrs. *Siams?*

Leo. Jeſu! Madam I can't imagine why you ſhou'd queſtion that, after this Lady has confeſs'd he has already diſappointed her: But to ſatisfie you, he expects me this very Moment, he is now at Mrs. *Siams*, ——— or my Servant lyes, that dogg'd him. (*aſide.*) Look you Madam, I don't deſire you to believe one word I ſay: But if this Lady and you will give your ſelves the trouble to go thither, I fancy you will find him there.

Em. Inſupportable. (*aſide.*) Really Madam, you have an Admirable Talent.

Leo. I hope Madam, I have not been guilty of any ill Breeding.

Em. O fye! Madam, all that you do is with a very Court-like Air: You are reſolv'd to ſtand it out I ſee.

Leo. What is't you mean, Madam?

Em. I mean, the groundleſs Jealouſies your Malice now wou'd raiſe between my Brother, and this Lady———He love you! You will as ſoon perſwade me you deſerve it, Madam: I know, that in his Soul he ſcorns you.

Leo. Not ſo much as I ſcorn Revenge; I dare ſay, had I been fond of a Triumph, Madam, I might have had it in a Publick Wedding.

Wedding. (*Mr.* Longville *offer'd it.*) But out of Friendſhip to this Lady, and your ſelf, I have been content to marry him in Private. I'll out-face this obſtinate Devil, tho' I forfeit my Revenge for't. (*Aſide.*)

Em. How Madam, my Brother married to you! to you?

Leo. To me this Morning, Madam, Siſter I may ſay. (*Mildly.*)

Em. Siſter! (*Angryly.*)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's a Chair *Madam.*

Leo. Ladies your Servant, I ſhall expect you at Miſtriſs *Siam*'s. *Exit.*

Ol. Why, have I lived to ſee this Day? Oh, I am deſpicable now! I ſhall be pointed at; the publick Merriment of malicious Tongues: Thou wer't my Friend *Emilia*; why didſt thou not tell me of my Weakneſs, that I was Credulous, Conceited, vainly Fond to think my Eaſie Love cou'd fix the Faithleſs Temper of a Man. But thou alas! wer't ſoft believing Woman, like me unskill'd in Injuries: Therefore in fear of none, eaſily deceiv'd by every ſhow of guil'd Virtue; married! perfidious Man.

Em. Believe it not *Olivia*! Come! we'll follow *Leonora*: let his own words, nor hers condemn him.

Ol. You wou'd not have me ſee him ſure!

Em. I wou'd not have you puniſh him unheard: For, oh! I know his Innocence, tho' now o'er-caſt, will ſhortly break theſe ſullen Clouds, and gild you with a ſmiling Joy: Alas! my dear Jealouſie's the Diſeaſe of Love, a Pain ———

Which firſt, or laſt all Lovers muſt endure:
But none can ſpeak the Joys, that wait the Cure. Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT. V.

The Scene, an Indian Houſe.

Longville *is diſcovered looking on his Watch.*

Lon. I Wonder why *Olivia* comes not, the Time's expir'd, and I am unwilling to fail in my Promiſe to my Lord *Lovemore*, who I know will be upon the Rack till I have perform'd it: But I'll have patience; For I am ſure her Generoſity, tho' late will furniſh me with an Occaſion. —— Come! Mrs. *Siam*, what new Indian Toys have you? (*He goes to the Counter.*)

Enter Leonora *Mask'd at a Diſtance.*

Leo. Longville, here firſt! 'tis, as I cou'd wiſh! —— hark! I hear ſome body ſtealing up ſtairs! [*She looks out.*] Ha! muffl'd in a Cloak! O! for a Glimpſe of him! —— My Lord *Lovemore*, as I live! his Diſguiſe tells me what he comes for, and I hope mine will help me to anſwer his Expectation: My firſt Care muſt be, by ſome ſeeming Accident to let him know me: my next to tell this Wretch (who muſt not know me) ſome formal Story, that may oblige him to make ſuch Anſwers as may reaſonably incline my Lord to think himſelf the Subject of our Diſcourſe.

[*She goes to* Longville, *and talks with him in her Mask.*]

Enter Lord Lovemore *in a Cloak.*

L. *Lov.* So Punctual! Ha! that muſt be *Leonora*, 'tis her ſtature! (Leonora *turns back, pretending to wipe her Face, and gives Lord* Lovemore *a ſight of it*)
By Heav'n 'tis ſhe!——I ſaw her Face!——Wu'd I had never ſeen it!——Or cu'd but Dream agen the Promis'd Raptures of her Virtue: For there was Pleaſure in the Viſion, infinitely ſurpaſſing what we taſte in any waking joy: O! there is no Happineſs but in Eternal ſleep! Ha! [*Obſerving* Lon *and* Leo.] Do I not

I not ſleep? Rather let me think, that this is all a Dream! 'Tis liker far, Amazing! Incoherent, and Unnatural!—— I find I am but a ſtranger to the World, another man perhaps wou'd wonder at my Amazement! Suppoſe I ſhu'd ſurprize him now ith' very act of Falſhood? Will he not ſink into the Earth with ſhame? muſt not his Conſcience burn him up with Bluſhes? I ſhu'd reſent this Uſage, and I will; But, as a brave man ought, Deſpiſe him for his Treachery, and forgive it all! Nay more! I'll do a Friends laſt Duty, and wound him with the tenderneſs of my Reſentment: But ſtay!----lay hold on all Advantages! ſomething may be gather'd from their Diſcourſe----I'll obſerve 'em. (Lon. *comes forward with* Leo.)

Lon. (*Aſide.*) Who the Devil can this be, that is ſo fond of Acquainting me with her Circumſtances?

Leo. Then you adviſe me as a Friend never to ſee him more?

L. *Lov.* Ha! It muſt be me they talk of. (*Aſide.*)

Lon. I ſuppoſe, Madam, you can't expect to be Extraordinary well us'd if you do.

Leo. Why, I am ſure he loves me ſtill.

L. *Lov.* I hope not, Madam. (*Aſide.*)

Leo. Hang it I believe my beſt way to ſilence his Reſentment, will be to write him a Civil Letter to acknowledg the ſeverity of my Revenge, and beg him for his own ſake never to ſee me more.

L. *Lov.* For my own ſake, that I never will. (*Aſide.*)

Lon. P'ſha! Damn her Revenge, what is't to me?

Leo. What think you of it?

Lon. O the beſt thing in the World, Madam, I'd adviſe you to ſtep into the next Room, and do it immediately.

(*Preſſing her to go.*)

Leo. Well! you will peruſe it for me?

Lon. Ay! ay! any thing to ſerve you

Leo. (*Aſide.*) With your Throat: I hope, Sir, you have endanger'd it to ſerve me: I'll ſtep aſide, and let the Miſchief work, I ſee it lowring yonder in that Brow. [Leonora *retires.*

L. *Lov.* I'll ſurprize him now, while *Leonora* is withdrawn: Not knowing that I have ſeen her Face, poſſibly he will ſwear it was no ſhe he talkt with!——— Are you at leiſure, Sir.

Lon. My Lord *Lovemore*!

L. *Lov.* What is't you ſtart at?

Lon.

Lon. To ſee you here, in this Diſguiſe! you frown, my Lord!

L. *Lov.* Fye! that were to confeſs my Anger: Doeſt thou think thy ſelf beneath it? I ſmile upon thee.

Lon. I underſtand you not.

L. *Lov.* When ſaw you *Leonora?*

Lon. This Morning, I am not aſham'd to mention it: But why ſhou'd that diſturb you now? I thought an Hours time was given me to clear my ſelf, it is not yet expir'd my Lord.

L. *Lov.* I can't think you'l keep your word with me.

Lon. I don't uſe to forfeit it, nor do I think it I ſhall, if no Misfortune croſs me.

L. *Lov.* Has *Leonora* told you ſo?

Lon. Explain your ſelf.

L. *Lov.* If you were that Enemy you have profeſs'd your ſelf to *Leonora*, I cannot think at ſuch a time as this, you wou'd meet her here.

Lon. Who dares affirm it?

L. *Lov.* I ſaw her here, this moment ſaw her here with you.

Lon. Then ſhe was here with me, when I ſaw her not, —— next time, my Lord have better Proof e're you condemn ſo near a Friend as I am; you ſaw perhaps a Woman talk with me in a Mask, who I believe might know me: For ſhe ſeem'd fond of making me her confident, I liſtned to her till her impertinence had quite tir'd my curioſity: And this Woman I ſuppoſe your Jealouſie has taken for *Leonora.*

L. *Lov.* Whom did you take her for?

Lon. A ſtranger! I know her not, nor ever care to ſee her more.

L. *Lov.* Ha! take heed! for if I prove thee in a lye, it will be then diſhonourable to talk with thee.

Lon. Speak lower: while we are unheard, my Friendſhip teaches me to bear, but my impatient honour will be juſtified.

L. *Lov.* Honour! Doeſt thou not bluſh to name it?

Lon. My Lord, it is not well to bear thus far upon my Friendſhip, if you wu'd have me think your meaning honeſt, I do demand a Reaſon for this Uſage.

L. *Lov.* (*Amazing.*) But that I cannot give my Eyes the lye, I ſhu'd my ſelf believe thee wrong'd: But to confound thee in one word, give me a living reaſon, why I ſee thee here.

Long. I came to meet *Olivia* here, by her own Appointment.

L. *Lov.* S'Death and Hell; you will not tell me 'twas *Olivia* you now talkt with!

Lon. I mean it not, *Olivia* has not yet been here.

L. *Lov.* Why then are you here ſo Early?

Lon. Becauſe *Olivia* charg'd me, as I priz'd her Quiet, not to fail a minute: Beſides the time has been expir'd almoſt this half Hour.

L. *Lov.* Confuſion! why is not ſhe here then?

Lon. Have a moments Patience, and I'll ſend to her to know the reaſon, in the mean time, my Lord ———

L. *Lov.* Away! now thou condemn'ſt thy ſelf, thy dull Invention's tir'd, and thou wants time to give it breath.

Lon. This from another man wou'd urge me to a fatal Anſwer: By Heav'n now I wou'd not have you credit me! No! go on! be obſtinate, believe the groſſeſt things of me your Malice can ſuggeſt, I will not offer more to clear my ſelf till Demonſtration ſhakes her head, and makes you bluſh for theſe unfriendly wrongs.

L. *Lov.* (*Pauſing.*) I know not why I ſhu'd: But a reſiſtleſs Curioſity tempts me to ſee how far thou wilt drive this: Prithee be ſincere, by Heav'n if there's yet a way in nature left to clear thy Innocence: I here engage my Honour, as far as mortal Patience can to wait the iſſue.

Lon. Had you ſaid this ſooner, ſome words my Lord, might have been ſpar'd between us: But I have done, *Olivia* now ſhall ſpeak for me; her Preſence ſhall convince you where I have given my heart: That *Leonora* ever had my ſcorn, as now, I hope ſhe has yours.

L. *Lov.* Thou talk'ſt with ſuch a calm indifference, I dare not yet reſolve where I ſhall fix my Thoughts.

Lon. No matter where my Lord, let 'em Rove, a moments Patience will recall 'em.

L. *Lov.* I am ſatisfied. [*They part.*]

Re-enter Leonora *Behind.*

Leo. O! I cou'd run mad, that ſubtle Devil has talkt him into Reaſon. What can it be that ſtays *Olivia* thus? —— Were ſhe here, her Reſentment wu'd confirm his Jealouſie, and bring the miſchief to perfection. Ha! Fortune ſends her to my Wiſh! Now to prepare her. *Enter*

Enter Olivia, *and* Emilia: (Leonora *ſtops them at the Door.)*

L. Lov. Ha! *Olivia* here too? what can this mean?

Leo. *(to Olivia.)* There he is, Madam.

Oliv. O! *Emilia* help me.

Leo. Now Ladies I hope you are ſatisfied, what Intereſt I have in Mr. *Longville*.

Emi. 'Tis impoſſible! I'll not believe it ſcarce ſhu'd he himſelf confeſs it; this is ſome Trick! he is impos'd on! wrong'd! baſely wrong'd, I am ſure 'twill prove ſo.

Oliv. Excuſe him not *Emilia!* I'll ſhut my ſelf from all the World, and never ſee the face of Friend agen. *(Going.)*

Emi. Be not too Raſh, Dear *Olivia*, hear him ſpeak firſt: If he is not able then to clear himſelf, may all the Puniſhments his Perjury deſerves be mine, if I not joyn with thee to hate and ſcorn him.

Leo. Ay! Madam! Pray ſtay to examine him however, not that it will be to any Purpoſe, for to my knowledge he will deny our Appointment, or that he has ſo much as ſeen me here.

Emi. Nay then I muſt believe he has not, Madam; I'll have the Truth from him [Emi. *goes to* Lon *and* Oli. *turns away in tears.*

Leo. *(aſide.)* Poor harmleſs Thing, how it frets; I have rais'd her to my Ends. Now let her go on, while I ſtand by and laugh to ſee her forward my Revenge.

L. Lov. *(aſide.)* When will my Diſtraction end! *Emilia* thinks her Brother wrong'd! *Olivia* weeps to ſee him Perjur'd! I prov'd him guilty! And yet he ſtarts to hear himſelf accus'd, while *Leonora* leaves him unconcern'd: I dare not leave him till theſe Contradictions are Unravell'd.

Lon. What Riddle's this, *Emilia?*

Emi. How Brother a Riddle! Indeed I griev'd at firſt to find you here! But now cou'd weep to ſee you juſtifie your Crime.

Lon. Away———this Mirth's unpleaſing now, where's *Olivia?* *(He leaves her.)*

Leo. *(to* Emi. *aſide.)* Is not your Ladiſhip well? Madam, will you pleaſe to make uſe of my Spirits?

Emi. Fury!

Leo. Your Ladiſhip's Humble Servant, Madam.

Lon. *(to Oliv.)* If either may, Madam, I have moſt reaſon to complain: For I have expected you here this Half-hour.

Oli. Me! Did you expect me here?

Lon. Not with ſuch Diſpleaſure in your Eyes, I muſt confeſs, Madam: But I have with great impatience waited here for your Commands.

Oliv. You dare not juſtifie it?

Lon. You cannot doubt it, Madam,

Oliv. This Audacious Inſolence is beyond Reſentment, from you it ſtrikes my Thoughts with Horror!

Lon. This Anger, Madam, is a Double Rack, while you conceal the Crime, that has deſerv'd it.

Oliv. Is then the Repetition of your Guilt ſo pleaſing? Baſe Man! why did you ſend ſo fair an Anſwer to my Letter, when at the ſame time you had reſolv'd to meet another Woman here? Was it not enough to wrong me by an abhor'd Abjurance of your Vows: But you muſt Barbarouſly expoſe me to the Triumph of an inſulting Rival!

Lon. Madam, you confound me, what Rival?

Oliv. Away! I have heard, and ſeen too much already; Reputation bids me fly you now, Farewell Ungrateful Wretch, and may the ſhameful memory of my wrongs lye Rooted in your Heart for ever.

Lon. Yet ſtay, and hear me.

Oliv. Never.

L. *Lov.* Hold, Madam! before you go, give me leave to ingraft my wrongs with yours.

Leo. (*aſide.*) It ripens now!

Emi. Ha! My Lord *Lovemore* here! This muſt be Combination: But I am reſolv'd to find the Truth before we part: Tho' ev'n my Brothers guilt, or what's yet worſe, her hateful Triumph ſhu'd confound me. (*Aſide.*)

(Emi. *locks the Door, unſeen, and takes out the Key.*)

Lon. I read Reſentment in your Eyes, my Lord: Out with it! For while Amazement makes me tame, I can bear it all.

L. *Lov.* Madam! (*to Oliv.*) to juſtifie that Reſentment, or to clear the Sacred Honour of a Friend, I beg you faithfully wou'd reſolve me one Queſtion: Was it by your deſire, or commands, that Mr. *Longville* came to meet you here?

Oli. So far from that, my Lord, that 'tis the only Place on Earth, I wiſht he might avoid.

L. *Lov.* Now, Sir! If my Jealouſie has wrong'd you, let it appear

appear before this Lady, if not from this Moment let Eternal Enmity divide us.

Leo. (*Aſide.*) Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul he is Dumb! Now my Revenge is perfect, and ſo poor! eaſie! cheated! Jealous Fools! Farewell! (*She offers to ſteal out, and finds the Door faſt.*) Ha! the Door lockt! Confuſion! I am betray'd! ſome Devil has counterplotted me; ſhou'd *Longville* know me my Revenge is loſt: No matter I am above his Anger, and am ſtill ſecure in this, I'll bravely face 'em to the laſt. (*Aſide.*)

Lon. One word more my Lord, and I ſubmit: But ſince my future Peace depends upon your Anſwer, I beg you wou'd directly give it me, without the leaſt Enquiry, on what Aſſurance I demand it.

L. *Lov.* I'll anſwer you.

Lon. Then give me inſtantly an honeſt Proof, that you have ſeen me here with *Leonora*?

L. *Lov.* Hell! and Furies! Is this your Queſtion?

Lon. Nay, my Lord, your Promiſe.

L. *Lov.* 'Tis true, and there's my Anſwer. (*Pointing to* Leo.)

Lon. There! how! where, my Lord?

L. *Lov.* Why there! there! *Leonora*'s there! That's ſhe. (Leo. *Unmasks.*)

Lon. (*Amaz'd!*) Ha! ——Nay then! There's the Devil has bewitcht us all.

L. *Lov.* What can this Amazement mean?

Em. Why are you ſurpriz'd Brother? Did not you know that was *Leonora*.

Lon. —Not I! by all my Hopes of Happineſs! I took her for a ſtranger, and as ſuch have ignorantly convers'd with her: ---

Em. Now *Olivia*!

L. *Lov.* Ha!

Ol. I am amaz'd! what can this mean?

Lon. That this Lady, I preſume, can beſt inform us: Madam, I confeſs, I ought not to expect a Favour from you: But yet there's ſomething might be done for both our Honours.

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to ſay to you.

Lon. Madam, I ſcorn the low Revenge of a publick Triumph: But for your own ſake hear me: I freely own for all you have done to me, I have given you a ſevere Occaſion: But yet I hope the World, and you will pardon me: I knew you lov'd my Friend,

Friend, and griev'd that nothing but my expoſing you never cou'd wean him from your Eyes: Now ſince every Circumſtance convinces me, that thoſe Aſperſions I now lie under are but the Continuance of your juſt Revenge, if you'll but clear my Honour by a generous Acknowledgment of what you have done to ruine me; you bind us all to an Eternal Secrecy, and me in any Honourable Command to ſerve you with my Life.

Em. Dear Madam, cannot this Goodneſs move you to an Act ſo juſt; nay, and ſo Glorious too for you? For no one ſure can hear your Story told, but muſt confeſs your Wit inimitable, and your Revenge uncommon: No Tongue can ſpeak its Praiſe like yours, whoſe Art firſt rais'd it to ſuch a Wondrous Height.

Leo. Madam, I read your ſecret Triumph in your Eyes: But I am above your little Spleen.

Em. Madam you wrong my Thoughts, what I askt of you, I was ready to receive as a real Obligation.

Leo. Then, Madam, expect none from me.

Lon. Nay, then Madam, we muſt talk on Equal Terms; Now, my Lord hear me.

Em. Hold Brother, firſt let me ſpeak: You are the ſuſpected Criminal, and thus I charge you. ——— About Two a Clock this Afternoon *Olivia*, and I viſited my Lady *Manlove*, where we had a full Account from a Gentleman, of your late Quarrel with my Lord *Lovemore*: *Leonora* ſmil'd at our Intelligence, and to our Amazement, wou'd perſwade us, that you were really my Lord's Rival in her Love; adding withal, that you had lately offer'd Marriage to her: Nay, and to give us a more convincing Proof of it; ſhe deſir'd, that we wou'd ſee her write to you, which ſhe did, and ſhow'd us the Letter, wherein ſhe appointed you a Meeting in half an Hour, here, at Mrs. *Siam*'s. ——— *Olivia*, more out of a ſportive Curioſity, than to ſatisfie any jealous Thought, begg'd the ſame Liberty, and ſhe likewiſe appointed you to meet her in the ſame half Hour at her Father's.

Lon. Ha!

Em. The Letters both were ſent: But our Amazement yet continues: *Olivia* is diſappointed, and we have found you here with *Leonora*: Now, you are free to anſwer.

Lon. Then Truth's in Labour of my Innocence, and thus ſhe is

is deliver'd, there's my Anſwer. (*He produces* Olivia's *Letter.*)

Ol. Ha! what's here, my Lord, *Emilia*! ſee, here's the Witchcraft that has wrong'd us all! my Hand counterfeited by *Leonora* in my own Letter! ſee! ſhe has blotted out my Father's, and interlin'd Mrs. *Siams*, the very ſame Place that ſhe had appointed him her ſelf.

L. *Lov.* What have I done? my ſhame confounds me! How ſhall I dare to meet him? (*Aſide.*)

Ol. But hold! there's one thing yet unanſwer'd, if there were no Intimacy between you, and *Leonora*? What Encouragement cou'd ſhe have to write to you? What Anſwer did you ſend to her Appointment?

Lon. By all that's Sacred, I had no other Letter from *Leonora*, nor any Appointment whatſoever.

L. *Lov.* No, Madam, here I am bound to ſpeak, he never had that Letter, by a pretended Miſtake I find it came to me, meerly to keep my frantick Jealouſie awake; That brought me hither. (*ſhows the Letter.*)

Ol. Emilia! Now I am happy.

Em. O let me embrace my Brother! At this Diſcovery nothing but Tears, or Madneſs can expreſs my Joy.

Lon. My dear *Emilia!*

Leo. (*Aſide.*) ——— Lightning part 'em.

Ol. But pray, my Lord, how cou'd you expect to find Mr. *Longville* here, when you knew he had not receiv'd the Letter, wherein *Leonora* had appointed him?

L. *Lov.* 'Twas written with ſuch malitious Art, it left no room for Doubt: For here ſhe ſays, ſhe will meet him at Mrs. *Siams*, according to his firſt Appointment: I thought a ſecond Needleſs to a ſecret Lover, which now with ſhame I own, I then believ'd him.

Lon. Nay, then your Jealouſie was juſt my Lord: By Heav'n I cannot blame you now: But ſince your Temper is recover'd, I beg you wou'd confeſs your Fears, and give me every Jealous Thought, that wrongs my Honour.

(Emilia *unlocks the Door.*)

L. *Lov.* By Heav'n, by this dear Embrace I have loſt 'em all: O *Charles*! if thou haſt yet one glowing Spark of Friendſhip in thy Heart, pity me, for thoſe unwilling Injuries I have done thee, can'ſt thou forgive me?

Lon.

Lon. Not while you ask Forgiveneſs, that's a Fault I can never pardon.

L. *Lov.* Wilt thou forget 'em?

Lon. Why do you remind me of 'em?

Em. (To *Leo.*) The Door is open Madam!

Leo. Diſtruction ſeize 'em! Now my laſt Hopes of him are loſt: I have nothing left to hide my ſwelling Heart; but to affect Indifference.

L. *Lov.* Methinks I have not atton'd thy Injur'd Friendſhip, till I have confeſs'd before the faithleſs *Leonora*, that I am hers no more. —— Now, Madam ——

Leo. Now, my Lord, are you going to tell me, you have lately diſcover'd a Secret, that all the Town has known theſe ſix Years, which is, that I never car'd one Farthing for you.

L. *Lov.* This Obligation, Madam, was unneceſſary, I needed not this Wit to work me to Indifference.

Leo. Nor, I, your Indifference to make me angry, your whole Sex is an Eternal Subject for my Spleen: How many wretched Fops have I daily at my Feet, who think themſelves much nearer to my Heart, than you: Nay, had you not view'd me with anothers Eyes, you ſtill had been my Slave, your Love had liv'd on Air, and languiſht in an endleſs Hope:

But I confeſs you bravely this may boaſt;
Of all the Fools, that knew me to their Coſt,
You are the Firſt, that e'er my Eyes have loſt Ex. *Leo.*

L. *Lov.* How eaſily are Men deceiv'd in Love? There's not a Vice now reigning in this Woman, but what appear'd to me the happy Conduct of un-erring Virtue: But now the falſe Lethargick Dream is o'er, at laſt I have thrown the Reins on Reaſon's Neck, and have out-ſtripp'd the lagging Miſchief far behind me: But here's the careful Guide, that lead me to the Goal! O! *Charles*! How have I wrong'd thy Friendſhip, ev'n to the Hazard of thy Life, and Honour? The Crime ſtill hangs upon my faultring Tongue, and Silence ſpeaks my Shame.

Lon. This is too much, my Lord, but if you needs will overpay the trifling Debt, let me direct your Friendſhip here. [*Turning to* Olivia.] I have a ſtarving Heart, that long has been this Ladie's Priſoner, here you may exert your Charity: For I perceive I owe her more, than faithful Love can pay.

L. *Lov.* (*To* Oli.) When Lovers are ſo poor in Merit, Ma-

dam,

dam, Beauty ſhou'd paſs an Act of Grace, and take the Moiety, that Nature lends us.

Ol. My Lord, I ſee no want of Merit in Mr. *Longville*. There needs no more to recommend his Cauſe: And ſince he has ſo ſeverely prov'd himſelf your Friend, I'll make it not his Intereſt to deceive me.——— Mr. *Longville*, if in thoſe few Years you have talkt to me of Love, I have been too ſlow in my Returns, impute it not to an inſenſible neglect: For I have long ſtudied, tho' unable, to repay it: And I perceive your Merit's ſwoll'n ſo high, that I am bound in Prudence now to check the Debt, and let it run no farther, your Conduct has deſerv'd my Heart, nor do I dare with-hold it longer, leſt I ſhou'd repent hereafter, that it was given ſo late.

Lon. This Goodneſs is above the Reach of Mortal Virtue, it ſpeaks Divinity, and like the Bleſſings we receive from Heav'n ſhou'd only be return'd in ſilent Adoration.

[*Kneels and Kiſſes her Hand.*]

Ol. Riſe, Sir, from this Moment I am yours.

Em. Now, dear *Olivia*, you are mine too, the Name of Siſter binds us ever.

L. Lov. This is as it ſhou'd be, and while my Friend is ſo, I muſt be Happy.

Lon. (*Aſide to Emi.*) And now *Emilia*, there is a Blooming Hope for thee, which time can only ripen: Mean while intruſt thy heart with me, and be aſſur'd thou ne're ſhalt Bluſh, when I think fit to part with it.

Emi. This is beyond a Brother's love: Words are but empty Thanks: My Future Conduct beſt will ſpeak my Gratitude.

Lon. Thy Paſt has well deſerv'd my Friendſhip: ——But no more! Here is Company.

Enter Young Rakiſh.

Y. Ra. Hah! Dear *Charles* I am Glad I have found you, my Lord, your Humble Servant, I have brought a rare Piece of Diverſion along with me.

Lon It never cou'd be more welcome; for all you ſee here are Friends.

Y. Ra. I am glad to hear it: But if you were not, I wu'd engage to make you laugh.

Lon. What's the Buſineſs?

Y. Ra. Only my Father, and I, that's all.

L. *Lov.* Why truly that's enough to make one laugh at any time.

Oli. O Dear, is this the Gentleman, that is ſo free with his Father ?

Y. Ra. No, Madam; But I am the Son of a Father, that is very free with me, the Soul of me, my Pleaſures I mean, of all the Vices this Town affords, (and thank Heaven it's pretty well ſtockt) I can't keep one to my ſelf for him; He out-does me at my own Weapon, he out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-ſwears me, out-lyes me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) he—out-lives me too.

Oli. Why ſhu'd you wiſh for his Death! Does not he allow you?

Y. Ra. Yes, Madam, all manner of wickedneſs: But the Devil a Farthing to purchaſe it.

Oli. How can you live without Money?

Y. Ra. Faith I begin to be weary of it, and have this very Hour laid a Deſign to bring the Old Gentleman to a Reaſonable compoſition: I have Rivall'd him in my Lady *Manlove*, Elbow'd him out of her Favour, and have at laſt ſqueez'd him out of five hundred Pound provided I renounce all Title to her Inclinations. *Lov.* And have you done it?

Y. Ra. For ought he knows I have, and for ought ſhe knows I have not; in ſhort, I neither deſign to quit the Lady, nor to keep her any longer, than ſhe ſerves my turn.

L. *Lov.* How ſo Man?

Y. Ra. She is now below with my Father chooſing her Wedding-Gown, have a little Patience, and the Farce will begin.

Lov. But hark you, *Jack!* have you taken care of her Son, as I deſir'd you? I hope he is not gone to St. *Omers?*

Y. Ra. No, no, I have ſpoil'd him for that Journey, I have Married him.

Lov. How?

Y. Ra. No harm, I'll warrant you: ſee! here comes my Father, pray obſerve us——you'll all ſtand by me upon occaſion?

Omnes. All! all!

Y. Ra. A word with you, *Charles.* [*They Whiſper.*]

Enter the Major, *with Lady* Manlove.

Maj. Wiſh me Joy *Charles!* Wiſh me Joy!—Hah! my little *Lovemore* too! Give me thy Hand my Dear Boy! Wiſh me Joy my Lad!

L. *Lov.*

L. *Lov.* Joy! Of what *Major?*

Maj. Of a rare Fleſhly Feather-bed, you Wag, and two Thouſand Pound a Year to wallow in—Odsbu'd ſhe's a Soucer.

Lon. Leave it to me. (*To* Y. Ra.)

L. Ma. Ladies, your Servant, I proteſt I little thought to find ſo much Good Company upon ſuch a Fortunate Occaſion.

Emi. Mayn't we know the Occaſion, Madam.

L. *Ma.* I'll ſwear, Madam, it's ſuch a Critical Point I don't know whether my Modeſty will be able to go through with the Diſcovery.

Y. Ra. If you pleaſe to give me leave, Madam, I will help you out a little.

Maj. Ay! ay! tell 'em my little *Jacky.*

Y. R. Well, Ladies, now we are all together, the ſhort of the Buſineſs is this: This Noble Lady here generouſly conſidering my Sufferings under the Tyranny of an Unnatural Father, and being ſenſible that by reaſon of my Indefatigable love to her, I was in a perpetual danger of being diſinherited, has out of her abundant Goodneſs piouſly conſented to revenge me of the ſaid Unnatural Father, by this Publick Diſappointment of his Hopes, having to his utter confuſion already taken to her loving Husband the Individual Perſon of me his lawfully Begotten Son——*John Rakiſh.*

Maj. Humh! What is all this? Do you know, Madam? What the Devil is it?

L. Ma. All truth, Sir, to my knowledg, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ſo take me, *John Rakiſh* [*Giving him her hand.*

Maj. Oones, and Hell! I'll chine that Dog to the Navel. [*Draws.*

Lon. O by no means, *Major*, Prithee put up your Sword, you'll frighten the Ladies.

Maj. Prithee Dear *Charles* let me come at him: O! He is a Bitter Dog! I can't bear him. [*Trembling with Paſſion.*

Lon. Pſha! Pſha! Prithee be Pacified, if he muſt be run through the Guts, he will deſerve it an hour hence, as well as now: Beſides, I wu'd have you hear what he can ſay for himſelf: you know he does not uſe to be Tongue-tied upon theſe occaſions.

Maj. Odsbu'd! and that's true, my little *Charles*! I will hear the Dog, I will hear him,—and if I am trick'd, I am ſatisfied I ſhall have the Pleaſure of half a douzen rare impudent Faces, from the unrighteous Baſtard to back his Roguery however.—Come hither *Jacky.*

T. Ra. Well, Sir!

Maj. Ay! That's the look! Hark you Iron-face! Art not thou a Perjur'd Rogue? Doeſt not thou expect to be ſplit and broild upon the Devil's Gridiron.

T. Ra. I don't apprehend you, Sir.

Maj. Didſt not thou promiſe Dog! to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided I wou'd quit my Title to the five hundred Pound?

T. Ra. Ay, Sir! But I remember what Pains you took at *Locket's* to day to Cheat me of it: Chaw upon that, and then tell me whether you can blame me for what I have done?

Ma. O! not in the leaſt, my Dear Hell-face! Thou haſt oblig'd me to the laſt degree by Marrying this Lady here: The leaſt I can do now is to ſettle my Eſtate upon thee, which thou ſhalt have with a vengeance, that is to ſay I will inſtantly make love to her Daughter, offer her my whole Eſtate for a Joynture, cut off the Intail, get a whole litter of Children, and diſinherit you, you Dog!

T. R. Look you, Sir, there I forbid the Banes, that Lady is now my Daughter, and I will not have my Family diſgrac'd, by admitting ſuch a notorious Rakehell for my Son-in-Law: In ſhort, your pretences are utterly againſt my conſent, and I poſitively declare you never ſhall have my Bleſſing.

Maj. What a Croſs Old Fellow this is now! Oones! I'd give five thouſand Pound to make the Whelp my Father-in-law.

T. R. Come! come! Sir, for a Great deal leſs Money, you ſhall ſtill make this Lady my Mother in-law.

Maj. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, my little *Jacky*! why art thou not Married thou Dear Dog, art thou not Married, Ha! ſpeak?

T. Ra. So far from it, Sir, that upon condition you will immediately ſign this Paper, which will intitle me to four hundred Pound a year during life, and at your Deceaſe the reſt of your Eſtate, I am willing this very moment to reſign the Lady to you. L. *Ma.* Baſe Man! you won't offer to ſell me?

T. Ra. Don't you trouble your ſelf, Madam, I'le warrant you. And to ſatisfie you, that my meaning's honeſt, the Writing is ſo Drawn, that unleſs you actually do Marry the Lady you are not oblig'd to give me a Groat.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little *Jacky*? [*He peruſes the Paper.*]

L. *Ma.* Audacious Villain! have you ſerv'd me thus: I will be

be reveng'd.——Here *Major*! (*Gives him her Hand.*) upon condition you never do give that Villain a Groat, I will Marry you this very moment *Gratis*: Nay do but engage to diſinherit him before to Morrow Morning, and I here immediately promiſe you ſix thouſand Pound in ready Gold and Jewels, to ſatisfie any Extravagance you ſhall think fit.

Y. *Ra.* So! *Ma.* Diſinherit, Madam! Odsbu'd your Ladiſhips too merciful! An Audacious Rogue! to think I cou'd be ſuch a Villain to wrong a Lady, Madam, of your unſpotted Virtue! Ounds! I never heard ſuch an impudent Propoſal ſince I was born!—Madam! If he were now at the Gallows with the Knot under his left Ear; nay, if the Word were given for the Cart to drive away, Blood! and Brimſtone! I wou'd not part with Eighteen Pence to Reprieve him. L. *Ma.* On that Condition I am intirely yours

Ma. Ounds! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half Hour, I'll drive your Revenge quite through his Soul; nay, I'll ſend for the two Miſchief-makers of the Nation, the Parſon and the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other ſide.

Lon. What the Devil! ſhall we do now, *Jack!* was ever ſuch a Diſappointment? Y. *Ra.* Faith! *Charles* ſhe has out-trumpt me that's the truth on't: But I cant't loſe all Man, I have *Pam* in my Hand ſtill?

Lon. What do you mean? Y. *Ra.* Her Son! her Son, Boy the Rogue has choſen me for his Guardian; He will be here preſently, I'll manage him to fetch her about I warrant you.

Lon. Igad that's lucky, I am glad you are ſure of a Trick to ſave your ſelf at laſt, in the mean time *Jack* try what a Court-Card will do, play your Impudence upon them. Y. *Ra.* Mum! L. *Ma.* Now Devil I am reveng'd of you. Y. Ra. I fancy not, Madam,—I ſuppoſe your Ladiſhip does not know theſe are the Writings of your Son *Johnny*'s Eſtate, by him the ſaid *Johnny* this very day ſtoln, out of your Cabinet: which becauſe I am his Guardian, I will thus re put into my Pocket. L. *Ma.* Monſter! you his Guardian?

Y. Ra. At your Service, Madam. *L. M.* You dare not tell me ſo?

Y. *Ra.* O! I have a great deal more to tell you, Madam, I muſt have a Thouſand Pounds out of your Hands to morrow Morning, to put him and his Wife into an handſome Equipage. *L. Ma.* His Wife!

Y. *Ra.* His Wife, Madam—ſhe has had as good an Education as your Ladyſhips Service cou'd afford.—*Lettice* I think her Name is.

L. Ma. Undone! Undone! *Ma.* Ha! Madam! What's the matter now?

L. Ma. O! My Child's ruin'd for ever! Y. *Ra.* That's as you pleaſe, Madam.

L. Man. What ſays the Monſter? Y. *Ra.* That your Son, Madam, ſhall not be ruin'd; provided you will promiſe me not to Marry that old Fellow there, unleſs he ſigns my Settlement. In ſhort, Madam, upon that Condition, I will not only reſign your Son, and his Fortune into your Hands again; but will likewiſe engage to find a lawful Expedient to diſanul his Marriage too; which if you don't immediately comply with me ſhall be an eternal Secret: So ev'n let him ſquander away his Eſtate as he pleaſes, I'll make a ſhift to glean a handſome livelyhood out on't I warrant you.

Emi. Nay, Madam, this is a very generous Propoſal: Now if your Son's ruin'd, you are the occaſion of it. *Ol.* We all intreat for him.

L. Man. Madam, I beſeech you don't name it: I'll not believe a word he ſays, I dare ſwear this is all ſham, a poor Pretence only to get his Ends of me.

Maj.

Ma. Oones, Madam! You have nick'd it: But if it were true, let me alone to manage him, I know him by Experience: Why, the Dog had the Impudence t'other day to ask me to lend him Fifty Pound, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour I brought him down to three and ſix Pence.

L. Ma. No! no! Devil! I will hear of nothing but Revenge. (*aſide to* Y. *Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to provide for my ſelf; here comes one I am ſure will ſtand by me.

Enter Mais Johnny *with* Lettice, *and a Gentleman in a Parſons Habit.*

M. J. Tall, lall, lall! (*ſinging.*) A hey! Where's Brother Father-in Law?

Y. Ra. Hah! my little ſprig of Lewdneſs, how doeſt thou?

M. *Joh.* How do I? why I am Married Boy! How ſhou'd I do?

Y. Ra. Give you Joy, Madam! (*Saluting* Lettice.)

L. *Ma.* What do I ſee? Undone! Ruin'd!

Maj. Humh! the Parſon there too! Nay then Miſchief is not far off.

M. *Jo.* Well! but hark you *John!* how do my Mother, and you agree, what been't you Married yet?

Y. Ra. O Lord! Squire, no! nor am not like to be; ſhe is juſt going to be Married to my Father.

M. *J.* Icod I thought as much! Did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you ſo? look you *John* there are two things ſhe never kept in all her life, that is—a Faſt-day, and a promiſe! to my certain knowledge, her word is but wind, and Icod ſhe no more values to break one, than t'other.

Y. Ra. Well Squire! it ſhall never trouble me, as long as I ſuffer upon your account: For to tell you the truth, the real occaſion of her Diſcarding me was my Friendly Promotion of your Marriage: But there's a very eaſie way to reward my ſervice, which is that upon condition my Father will ſign this Writing, you will generouſly condeſcend to chooſe him for your Guardian.

M. *Jo.* I'll do't an'twere ten times more to ſerve you: lets ſee the Writings, I'll do't Icod. *Y. Ra.* There Sir! (*Gives him the Writings.*)

M. *Jo.* (*to the* Maj.) Look you Sir! You Mr.—Mr. *John*'s Vather here, I don't know what your Name is not I: But if you think fit d'yee ſee! to ſign this Paper, I'll make you my Guardian.—That's all I have to ſay to you,—ſo take, and look it over. *Maj.* Let's ſee it my Dear Lad.

Y. Ra. Madam, I am ſenſible a word from you wou'd finiſh the Buſineſs, if you will ſtand my Friend I am ſtill ready to diſanull your Son's Marriage.

[*Aſide to Lady* Manlove.]

L. *Ma.* Alas! Heav'n knows I wou'd do it were there but a Poſſibility of your making your words true.

Y. Ra. Madam! This Gentleman's Word and Honour ſhall be your Security.

Lon. Madam, I will engage for him. L. *Lov.* And I. *Em.* & *Ol.* And all of us.

L. *Ma.* Well! I find it's in vain to contend with him: Therefore Dear *Major*, ſign it immediately, and from this moment all I have is yours.

Maj. O Madam! a word from you wou'd make me do ten times more; for the ſix Thouſand Pound in ready Gold, and Jewels, runs in my Head confoundedly, I long to be at it: And as for *Jacky*, I reckon within four or five days I ſhall nick off this Annuity again at the Groom Porters; and ſo have at him. (*He ſigns the Writing.*)—So! there *Charles*, (*Gives it to* Longville.) You are engag'd to ſee him perform Articles if he keeps his word, much good may do him.

Y. *Ra.*

Y. Ra. Come Squire, are you contented this Gentleman ſhall Marry your Mother, and be your Guardian?

M. *Jo.* Yes I be!—and ſo let him take my Writings, and pray don't 'ee Cheat me now! It's for *Jahn*'s ſake I tell you that.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Madam, now to diſſipate your Fears, in one word I muſt acquaint you, that your Son *Johnny*, and my Brother Elect, is not Married.

L. *Ma.* How not Married! you over-joy me, Sir, make it appear, and you ſhall never want a Friend in me.

M. *Jo.* What a Devil makes you raiſe ſuch a Lye now?

Y. *Ra.* Prithee my Dear Squire don't interrupt us.

M. *J.* I will 'terrupt you then, what do you ſhove me for? I be Married, ſo I bee! yes I bee! I bee! (*Raiſing his Voice.*)

Y. *Ra.* Silence! Come Mrs. *Lettice*, pray ſatisfie my Lady, and this Good Company concerning your ſuſpected Marriage with this young Gentleman.

M. *Jo.* Ay, ay, do, let her ſpeak, withal my heart Icod! ſee! who will Prove the Lyar Mr. *Jahn*.

Lett. Well Squire! ſince I muſt ſpeak then, I declare before my Lady, and this Good Company, that I neither am your Wife, nor ever will be.

Y. *Ra.* Now Sir, what ſay you.

M. *Jo.* I ſay ſhe lyes—ſhe is my Wife, and you know it well enough, and the Parſon knows it too: What a Rope did I give him two Crown Pieces for!

Maj. Ounds! I don't know what to make of this Buſineſs: One ſays ay! and t'other ſays no; Prithee Dear *Domine* put us out of our Pain, come Anſwer to the Queſtion, are they Married, or not?

Gent. I muſt confeſs, Sir, at your Son's Requeſt, I did Mumble over a Parcel of Words, that ſatisfied the young Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you, that it was not in my Power to injure him that way, I am no Parſon: But his Humble Servant and Kinſman *Ned Friendly*. (*Throws off his Gown.*)

L. Man. Mr. *Friendly*! Dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

Lett. Madam, upon my Knees I beg your Ladyſhip Pardon, I muſt confeſs I had like to have married my young Maſter, had not Mr. *Rakiſh*'s Care prevented it: But he ſoon convinc'd me, what an uneaſie Life I muſt have expected from your Ladyſhip, and the reſt of his Relations: But to ſatisfie you, Madam, That I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakiſh* has been pleas'd to give me his Bond to pay me Forty Pound a Year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country, which I faithfully promiſe your Ladiſhip to perform to Morrow Morning; and ſo dear Squire farewell! Pray wiſh me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy days.

M. Jo. (*half crying.*) What will you leave me now? Are theſe your Tricks? Pray give me my Purſe agen, ſince you won't Marry me, young Gentlewoman, you ſhall have no fine Cloaths, I'll tell you that! Give me my Purſe will ye?

L. Ma. Sirrah, let her alone, That Purſe you Purloyn'd from me, and ſhe ſhall keep it: Nay, to reward her Honeſty, I'll preſent her with this Ring, as an earneſt of my future Kindneſs.

Lett. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

M. J. What! And ſo I am to be cheated out of my Money too! This is all long of you—Mr. *Jahn*! (*cryes.*)

T. Ra Come! come! Squire don't be troubled, when you want Money, come to me; in the mean time hark you in your Ear: I have as pretty a young Wench in my Eye for you—She will be in Town in two or three days— Mum!

M. J. Pſha! What do I care for a Wench! If I can't have her, when I have a mind to it! Here I thought to have had ſuch a Night on't now! and now the Parſon has ſaid Grace, you tell me I ſhall go to Dinner a Month hence.

T. Ra. Why then, to ſtay your Stomack, go with me to the laſt Act of the Play, and I'll ſhow you one that ne'r deny'd a Man twice in her Life.

M. J. Ay ſo you ſay! But I warrant ſhe will pluck me by the Hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

T. Ra. Come! Come! I will ſtand your Friend, obſerve what I ſay to your Mother——Madam, your Son is ſenſible of his Error, and deſires your Ladyſhip will take him into Favour agen. And from this time he has promis'd never to diſobey you.

M. J. No! no more I won't indeed Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *Jahn* to ſee the Play to Night?

L. Ma. Well be Obedient for the future, and no reaſonable freedom ſhall be deny'd you.

M. J. O Lord! Thank you dear Mother, Icod I am glad we are Friends agen! Lord! I am ſo glad!——Won't 'e buſs me Mother. (*Kiſſes.*

T. Ra So! Now I hope we are all Friends.

Lon. Well *Majo*! Are you ſatisfied that your Son has Perform'd his Articles? Shall I deliver him the Writing?

L. Lov. O! By all means! Upon my word *Major* he has deſerv'd it.

Maj. Why the Dog has done ſomething for't, that's the Truth on't. Tho' I will lay fifty Pound, I have ſeven to four upon it, before to morrow Morning.

T. Ra. Well Sir! (*to the* Maj.) Now I wiſh you Joy; and thank you for my Settlement, tho' it's an hundred to one but the World will think you have given it me becauſe you cou'd not help it.

Maj. Ay! And I warrant *Jackey*, they will be apt to ſay too, that thou art as well ſatisfied as if I had given it thee with a good Will.

T. Ra. Ay Sir! People will out with their bold Truths now and then; but come Gentlemen, How ſhall we diſpoſe of our ſelves this Afternoon? What think you of the Play?

Lon. With all my Heart! And after that, I beg my Houſe may Entertain us; where we'll reflect at leiſure upon the happy Changes in our Fortune: But Yours, and Mine, my Lord, are owing both to the ſucceſleſs Wit of one inveterate Woman: From whence we may obſerve, that Virtue ever is the ſecret Care of Providence: Had *Leonora* been leſs my Enemy, I never cou'd have prov'd my ſelf ſo near a Friend: Her plotted Injuries to me, are now my Glory, and her own Diſhonor:

And may the bleſt Event this Truth Record,
That Good and Evil Actions are their own Reward.

FINIS.

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